Sir Joseph Bayat. 1823

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

OR

Bell's
COURT AND FASHIONABLE
MAGAZINE,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1806.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Portrait of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Charlotte.
2. Whole length Portrait of the Marchioness of Townshend, in her Court dress.
3. Song, set to Music by Mr. Corri, expressly for this Work.
4. Three whole length Portraits, and four Head Dresses of the London Fashions.
5. Five whole length Portraits of Parisian Fashions.
6. Four New Patterns for Needle-Work.

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TO THE PUBLIC, OUR READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

IN introducing the first Number of our Miscellany to the world, we flatter ourselves that we are laying the foundation of a Work, which, in the comprehensiveness of its instruction, the variety of its amusements, and the elegance of its embellishment, has had no parrallel in the history of periodical publications. By referring to our Prospectus, our readers will be enabled to compare our promise with our performance, and, though in every first work numerous imperfections must occur, and unavoidable deviations from the original plan, we trust that a careful review of our preliminary Advertisement will satisfy them, that the difference between the proposed design and execution has sprung from a desire to consolidate and improve the separate parts of the work, to heighten its general effect, and comprehend greater varieties of pleasure and instruction.

It will naturally suggest itself to our Readers, that a Periodical Work derives, an additional interest by being made the channel of those Public Communications, Correspondences, Queries, Answers, &c. which such as honour it with their Patronage may choose to engage in, or put to each other.

In proposing this Work, therefore, as a vehicle for these Miscellaneous Communications, we are doing no more than what our Cotemporaries do; but, in providing a classification and order for whatever correspondence, suitable to the nature of the Work, our Readers may honour us with, we flatter ourselves that we have introduced a material improvement, so far as method, arrangement, and elegance of display, may be considered as enticements to Writers in Periodical Publications.

Communications and Correspondence, therefore, are ardently invited.—The plan and the different heads under which they may choose to contribute, are before our Readers.

In the present number we have to return our thanks to many of the early patrons of our plan. To the Author of "Letters to a Young Lady;" to MODESTUS upon the Dress of Ladies; and to the several contributors in our Poetical Department, &c. &c.

Many favours have been deferred; but will appear in a future number.

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For FEBRUARY, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The First Number.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

THE laws of this kingdom, which have forbidden the marriage of any of the Princes of the blood royal with subjects, have frequently been censured as severe and unnatural. A prohibition of this kind, it was thought, could scarcely be founded in good policy, which interfered with the natural right of Princes, and in respect to their exercise on the material point of domestic happiness, reduced them below the standard of their fellow-subjects, and made their exaltation a matter of compassion. To this it may be replied, that the most difficult, but necessary task of Princes, is that of a devotion to the state. they are the creatures of its interest and safety. The marriage of a Prince with a subject, in the reign of *Edward IV.* was the cause of much public calamity. If such marriages were allowed, it would be reasonable to conclude that the selection would be made from some of the daughters of the nobles of the kingdom. The consequence would be that of a natural preference in the Sovereign of the family and connections of his wife; and hence a fruitful source of jealousy and discord among the rest of the nobility. Again, should the Prince resort to a connection in the more inferior ranks of the state, the jealousy of the rest of his subjects, from natural causes, would be more inflamed and unappeasable. If these inferences be true, as they respect the marriage of the Sovereign, they are equally so as they regard the marriages of his issue, or any of his family. It is the wisdom of laws to be occupied in long and comprehensive views, and not only to suit their remedies to cases immediately before them, but to all that are contingent and in the scope of possibility. Since, therefore, the issue of a Monarch, and commonly every branch of his family, is in the line of succession, and it would be difficult to say which of them might not eventually be called to the crown, the law has provided that the restriction should extend to all, and that none, who had a probability of inheriting, should, under any circumstances, or at any time of life, form a connection incompatible with the safety and honour of the kingdom, as declared by the laws of the realm.

These observations, we flatter ourselves,

will not be deemed superfluous, when the conclusion we mean to draw that of the preference of a foreign connection, is confirmed by the tranquility, happiness, and gratitude which the nation has ever felt and expressed from the marriage of his gracious Majesty *George the Third* with the Princess *Charlotte* of *Mecklenburgh Strelitz.*

Her Majesty, *Sophia Charlotte*, or *Caroline* of *Mecklenburgh Strelitz*, was born May 16, 1744. She was the youngest daughter of *Charles Lewis*, brother to *Frederick the Third*, Duke of *Mecklenburgh*. Her father, however, though in the immediate line of inheritance, as his brother the reigning Duke had no issue, and was unmarried, did not succeed to the principality: he died before his brother, and thus, upon the death of *Frederick*, the succession devolved upon his nephew, *Adolphus Frederick the Fourth*, brother to her present Majesty, and son of the above-mentioned *Charles Lewis.*

The issue of *Charles Lewis* were:

1. *Christina Sophia Albertina*, born December 6, 1735.
2. *Adolphus Frederick the Fourth*, born May 5, 1738. *Deceased.*
3. *Charles Lewis Frederick* (the present *Duke of Mecklenburgh)*, born Oct. 10, 1741.
4. *Ernest Gottlob Albert*, born August 27, 1742.
5. *Sophia Charlotte*, or *Caroline* (her present *Majesty the Queen of Great Britain)*, born May 16, 1744.
6. *George Augustus*, born Aug. 3, 1748.

The mother of this illustrious family, who died so far back as the year 1761, was the *Princess Albertina Elizabeth*, born August 13, 1713, the daughter of *Ernest Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen.*

The obligations which we owe to the native country of her gracious *Majesty*, require us to give a brief account of the duchy and family of *Mecklenburgh.*

This country, which is about 120 miles in length, and 30 in breadth, is bounded on the north by the Black Sea; by *Brandenburgh* on the east; by *Luneburgh* and *Brandenburgh* on the south; and by *Holstein* on the west. Its ancient inhabitants were the Vandals, who had settled in this country many centuries before the birth of *Christ.* They formed it into a powerful kingdom, and preserved its title and dignity till 1168, when the Monarch, *Pribislaus the Second*, was compelled to embrace the Christian religion by *Henry Lyon, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria.* At this period the title of King of the Vandals was extinguished, and that of the Princes of *Mecklenburgh* substituted, who became a vassal to the *Duke of Bavaria.* In 1349, the *Prince of Mecklenburgh* was created a Duke, and made a Prince of the Empire. The remnant of the Vandals united with the Mecklenburghers about the year 1749, and from that period they have been divided into three branches, that of *Gustrow, Swerin*, and *Strelitz;* but the extinction of the branch of *Gustrow* in 1688, excited some differences with respect to the succession, which continued till 1701, when a treaty of partition was made at *Hamburgh*, and ratified by the *Emperor* in the following manner: That the duchy of *Gustrow* should be given to the *Duke of Swerin;* and that the *Duke of Strelitz* should have the bishopric of *Ratzelburgh* secularized, and a voice in the Diet of the Empire. The *Duke of Swerin's* annual revenue amounts to 55,000*l.* and that of the *Duke of Strelitz* to 22,000*l.* besides his domain. The country is fruitful, but unhealthy, and intensely cold in winter. It has often been the scene of war, particularly between Sweden and the Empire. To be thus visited with the effects of a quarrel which they have not provoked, is the lot of many of the smaller principalities of Germany. The country is able to raise a considerable body of troops, but they have never been strong enough to resist an invader. The established religion of the country is Lutheran; but there is toleration for sectaries. *Imhoff*, in his *Notitia Princeps Germania*, gives a laboured account of the genealogy of the family of *Strelitz*, which he says is lineally descended from the kings or leaders of the Vandals. *Hubner*, in his Genealogy of the German Princes, says, this family, if not the most ancient in Europe, is one of the most noble in Germany. The branch of *Strelitz* is the second branch of the House of *Mecklenburgh;* but its Duke is one of the secular Princes of the Empire, and takes his seat in the Diet.

Thus much we have judged necessary to state of the country and family of her Ma-

jesty. In respect to her union with our august Sovereign, it will be deemed sufficient to add, that it was not a matter of mere state policy, but of preference and election. His Majesty had not long filled the throne, before he acquainted his council, in a meeting convened for the express purpose, "that having nothing so much at heart as the welfare and happiness of his people, and that to render the same stable and permanent to posterity, being the first object of his reign, he had, ever since his accession to the throne, turned his thoughts to the choice of a Princess, with whom he might find the solace of matrimony, and the comforts of domestic life: he had to announce to them, therefore, with great satisfaction, that, after the most mature reflection and fullest information, he had come to a resolution to demand in marriage the Princess *Charlotte* of *Mecklenburgh Strelitz*, a Princess distinguished by every amiable virtue and elegant endowment, whose illustrious line had constantly shewn the firmest zeal in the Protestant religion, and a particular attachment to his Majesty's family."

Such were nearly the precise words in which his Majesty announced his royal intention to his council, on the 8th of July, 1761. The negotiation commenced at *Strelitz*, and the Earl of *Harcourt*, his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, concluded the treaty of marriage on the 15th of August following. Preparations were immediately made for the reception of the Royal Bride in England. She left *Mecklenburgh* on the 22d of August, and arrived, after a tedious voyage of ten days, at *Harwich*, on the 6th of the following month. Her Majesty rested one night, that of her arrival, upon her journey, at the house of the Earl of *Abercorn*, at *Witham*, in *Essex*, from whence she set out early the next morning, and arrived at the palace of *St. James's*, where she was received by his Majesty and the rest of the Royal Family. At nine upon the same evening, the marriage was performed by the *Archbishop of Canterbury*, in the Royal Chapel.

It would occupy too much room, and conduce little to the pleasure and improvement of our readers, were we to detail the ceremonies which took place upon the marriage and coronation of her Majesty.

Such as are curious upon these points, will find them by a reference to the periodical works of those times; but we are not fond of the labour of transcription, which has little dignity, and occupies much space. The usual congratulatory addresses were presented to their Majesties from both Houses of Parliament, the two universities, and all the counties, cities, and corporations in the kingdom. The grand assembly of the nation prepared likewise a testimony of their duty and munificence. On being formally acquainted with the marriage of the King, they provided for the support of her Majesty, agreeably to the Sovereign's wishes, a jointure of 100,000*l.* per annum, which was settled upon her by an act of the legislature, together with the palaces of *Richmond Old Park*, and *Somerset House*.

But if the joy of the nation was thus universal upon the connection which his Majesty had graciously formed, how much was it increased in the following year by the birth of an heir to his throne. The hope of continuing the Protestant succession in his Majesty's family was now changed to a kind of certainty, and the birth of an heir was of itself sufficient to have established the popularity of a Queen of England, even had she wanted those many virtues and qualities which her Majesty is so well known to possess.

It has been the pride of her Majesty's life to conduct herself with a mild but dignified impartiality with respect to those political differences with which the kingdom has so frequently been agitated. Her name has never been brought up in the most acrimonious controversies of parties; she has never been suspected of being open to any intrigue or influence, in order to sway the royal mind, either to the admission of one or the rejection of another. At the time of the regency, the duties of watching over the bed of our beloved Sovereign were performed by her Majesty, in a manner which exalted her character for domestic tenderness and conjugal love in the eyes of all Europe. This æra was indeed a period of great domestic sorrow to the Queen, and no less of public strife and furious party contention. But in this trying moment, the conduct of the Queen was at once amiable and dignified. The care of the King's health occupied every thought and wish; she scarcely absented herself

from the sick chamber of her husband, and was deaf to every overture that was made her, as well from one party as the other. She left to the ministers who then directed the government, to pursue that line of conduct which gratitude, humanity, and the law of the land, pointed out to them, and expressing that her chief concern was the care of the King's person and health, it was provided that she should have been entrusted exclusively with that important charge, had the regency taken place.

In both houses of parliament, at that period, the name of the Queen was always mentioned with affection and reverence; and whilst the public largely participated in her domestic afflictions, they did the most ample justice to her prudence and resignation.

To be known only by the rare excellence of her domestic virtues, to be conspicuous among the matrons of a kingdom by a superior conjugal fidelity, and a more amiable tenderness; to be at once the most exalted in rank, and no less exalted in goodness, is the greatest pride of her present *Majesty*. Virtues of this class are seldom expected from high rank and birth; and when found in a Queen, our admiration and reverence are equally excited.

No one has ever placed a more bright, unostentatious example before the eyes of a people. Here, where all eyes are naturally attracted by the power and splendour of royalty, an example is presented of all those amiable and useful virtues, which the gay look down upon with indifference, and the proud with contempt. We there behold the partner of our beloved Sovereign bestowing grace, whilst she improves the happiness of his exalted station: we there behold him in his domestic retreat, and in the bosom of his family; and in the universal wish for the happiness of the Father of his people, we feel no envy, however pure and refined it is, above that of our common lot.

Her *Majesty's* time has been chiefly occupied in the performance of that first of domestic duties, the superintendance of the education of her children. In the graceful and splendid accomplishments of life, her *Majesty* yields to none: she is a most thorough mistress of music, and has a chaste execution in that delightful science. Her dancing was a theme of admiration upon her first arrival in England; and, indeed, her knowledge of the fine arts collectively, is much superior to what we expect to find in a female of her exalted rank. But she is celebrated for far different and less common merits. Her *Majesty* is a pattern to her subjects for those sublime virtues which are not to be mentioned in the same sentence with the accomplishments we have alluded to above. Her character for piety, and a strict performance of religious duties, is well known. This, which forms the brightest gem of female virtue, is most conspicuous in the Queen. It distinguished her early years; it fortified her mind in those days in which she was courted by all the seductive splendour and dissipation of a court; and as her youth passed off, it has settled into a regular and noble fervour. If her Majesty has ever taken any part in the questions which have often divided this kingdom upon matters of religion (though we know not that she ever took any), we should not hesitate to pronounce that her inclination was strongly in favour of the Established Church. Her Majesty has always expressed an attachment for the Clergy of this kingdom, and many, by the means of her patronage, always exercised moderately and with great discrimination, have ascended to the highest dignities. Several works of a religious nature have likewise been patronised by the Queen, and a work upon the Christian Religion has been recently translated from the German at her express command.

It would be unnecessary to pursue this article further. We shall close, therefore, with expressing a wish, that as this example, both for the high and low of these kingdoms, has been bestowed by the special favour of Providence, so it is to be hoped, that the bounty which gave, will not speedily take away; and that her Majesty may live long, in the enjoyment of health and prosperity, we believe to be one of the most sincere and universal prayers of all her subjects.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE BEAU MONDE;

OR,

A HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER FIRST.

When a reader is introduced to a new subject, he is most frequently honoured with a preface: he has more reason to expect one when he is introduced into a new world. As we are about to do him this last favour, we will not detract from the benefit, by conferring it in an imperfect manner. He shall have, therefore, a description of the *New World.*

In the first place, as to the name of this world, it is called the *Beau Monde,* or Fine World, in contradistinction, and by way of marking its superior excellence above this common and vulgar world which *God* has made; and, to confess the truth, the distinction is not without reason. A certain witty, but rather blasphemous (we meant to say *fashionable*) king, used to wish that he had been consulted in the creation, adding that he would have given the Maker some hints, which might have improved his plan. The framers of the *Beau Monde* seem to have profited by the hints of this monarch; and the constitution of THEIR world, the fine one we are now describing, has many considerable improvements upon the *old.* But before we proceed, we think it necessary to correct an idea of our readers. In the term we now make use of, the *Fine World,* they are not to understand what is intended by that word in its general signification: it is not to be understood as according to the strict definition of their geography; it is not a certain portion of dust and water, of light and darkness, of fire and air, blended and kneaded together into a round heavy ball, that constitutes this *Fine World:* by no means, for this is the composition of the vulgar world we have just now been arraigning. The term and difference are more easily explained by an example. When we speak of a very puissant or Royal Family, we say the *House of Brunswick,* or the *House of Stuart.* Now what do we intend by this expression? Not the brick or the stone houses in which these families reside, but the families themselves: it is in the same manner with our term, the *Fine World;* we do not mean the world itself, but the inhabitants of this world.

Having now settled the name, we might proceed to the situation of the *Beau Monde,* but locality is a thing that does not belong to it. The *Beau Monde,* like *Swift's Island* of *Laputa,* is for ever changing its place. It is now at *London,* now at *Bath,* now at *Bristol,* now at *Brighton:* wherever the Emperor is, say the Civilians, there is *Rome;* wherever fashion resides, there is the *Beau Monde.*

It may be a question whether this *Fine World* was known to the ancients. It has been the boast of modern times to have discovered one new world, that of *America,* and it might inflame our vanity to flatter ourselves that we have discovered two. But we are afraid this honour is not exclusively with the moderns. There are strong arguments against our exclusive acquaintance with this *Beau Monde:* we would fain get over them, but we must confess the passages are choaking. Let us examine them, and, with as much impartiality as we can, discuss their separate claims to the honour of a first discovery. But we must premise that, as the people of Scotland are called Britons, so those of the *Beau Monde* are called people of fashion; no matter, in either case, wherefore. Let us now then proceed to the ancients. If we should chance to find any people of fashion amongst them, it is plain they must have been members of the *Beau Monde.* Let us first turn over our Grecian history. Here is a strong passage in almost our first page. The temples and statues of the gods, in the city of *Athens,* were, during one night, all defaced; the streets were covered with the broken noses of the in-

sulted deities, and there was no one god in *Athens* that had not suffered some cruel bruise. This outrageous act was generally attributed to *Alcibiades*, a young nobleman, a confirmed infidel, and a contemner of all religion. It was said that, with a large party of other young noblemen, he had sallied from a tavern, and had committed in a drunken frolic this impious sacrilege.

What shall we say to this? Here is infidelity, insult on religion, tavern sallies, and a drunken frolic. Strong, very strong presumptions indeed, that this young nobleman was a man of fashion? But let us examine further. For this act *Alcibiades* was banished, and, retiring to *Sparta*, was received at the court of *Agis* with every hospitality which the palace could afford. His easy manner, his gay wit, and a character so versatile as to take any colour, recommended him to the highest esteem and friendship of the King, and he repaid him by debauching his wife. There is no longer any doubt; *Alcibiades* was certainly a man of fashion, an infidel, an adulterer, and one betraying the confidence of his friend, and repaying the greatest benefits by the basest ingratitude.

We have done with the Greeks; let us now turn to the Romans. One day, in the presence of Julius Cæsar, a courtier was speaking with some severity against another; but was checked by the Dictator, who desired him to spare him, for he did not deserve such reproaches. "Not deserve them," exclaimed the angry courtier; "why, what think you of the man who was caught with his neighbour's wife?"

"What do I think of him?" replied Cæsar, calmly—"why I think him a very careless fellow." A very fashionable answer, and an argument of a very fashionable opinion! Cæsar, beyond all doubt, was the perfect *man of fashion*. If we want any further proof of their acquaintance with the *Beau Monde*, and their frequent exercise of its most valuable privileges, of their modish manners, their modish morals, and the whole system of their fashionable life, let us search the writers of their own time for information. Scarcely a page but presents us with what we seek. Let us take up their *Juvenal*, and we shall find as many men of fashion as in our own Court Calendar itself; for instance, let us see how the Romans amused themselves. Here is the answer to our wishes.

> My Lord disdains to throw with meaner vice,
> Or truck his dastard thousands on the dice;
> House, lands, and acres, wait his nobler call,
> Wife, children, mistress—faith he stakes them
> *all.*

Such of our readers as are anywise learned, will find the original of this in the following lines of *Juvenal:*

> Non loculis comitantibus itur
> Ad casum tabulæ, positâ sed luditur *arcâ.*

What shall we say now? Is not this an example of the true *Beau Monde?* Can the clubs of Bond-street, or St. James's, boast spirits of a higher soul, or a more lofty and all-contemning enterprize? Can my Lord F—, or Sir W— himself, or my Lord C—, play with a more fashionable spirit, a more heroic fortitude and contempt? One more instance, and we have done. Let us see their economy and matrimonial policy.

> Some giddy profligate, half fool, half wit,
> A gudgeon biting, and a gudgeon bit;
> For him some practis'd pimp shall spread the
> snare,
> And angle with his *wife*, to catch the heir;
> But whilst the luckless lover hugs his prize,
> The injur'd husband opes his watchful eyes!
> His honour lost! Swords! No—what other
> fury?
> My spark is handed over to a *jury.*

That our readers may not think we are romancing, we shall give them chapter and verse for this in the *Juvenal* we have referred to above. Our translation, it will be seen, is liberal, but the sense remains.

> Cum Leno accipiat mæchi bona, si capiendi
> Jus nullum uxori—doctus spectare lacunar,
> Doctus et ad calicem vigilanti stertere naso.

A very fashionable bargain, a very fashionable sleep, and every person concerned of the very highest *ton!* What do my Lord and Lady —— say to this? and a certain distinguished personage, what says *he?* They will certainly acknowledge these ancients to be people of the very first circle in the mode.

We might enlarge this subject, from the

ancient authors, very much. *Cicero,* who was an orator of great antiquity, a parliament man, impeached *Mark Anthony,* before the Senate, of certain mal-practices and abuses against the commonwealth of Rome. Speaking of his contempt of all forms and decencies, of his excesses, debaucheries, gluttonies, &c. he charges him with having come one day into the senate drunk, from his last night's supper, to the annoyance of the reverend bench of grey-beards there assembled.

We might, if we were inclined to any scandalous tales, inquire if, in a neighbouring chapel, some things of this sort were not occasionally witnessed. But we shall be satisfied with our present inquiries.

It appears then, from this our impartial examination, that the *Beau Monde* is not the fair boast of later discoveries, but was equally known to the ancients as to the moderns. We are sorry that justice has wrung from us this confession; we should have wished, indeed, that the credit of the discovery might have turned out to have been our own; but truth and history are unfortunately against us.

But to the subject of the following history: Its object is somewhat extensive, and we hope new; it is intended to lead the reader through the world we have been describing, to point out his road, and assist him in his progress through the *Beau Monde.* We shall furnish him with a chart that will govern his voyage in all the varieties of the course. We shall begin from the very point of embarkation. He will see a young country girl, with decent manners, good morals, and a careful education, enter upon a fashionable course. He will see her carried through the different scenes of the *Beau Monde,* and guided by a gay, seducing, artful woman of fashion. He will perceive, that the patroness understands her work, and is competent to the undertaking. She will point out examples instead of giving precepts; and presenting scenes and characters, leave her young pupil to draw her own inferences. In one word, and what includes the whole art of instruction, she does not teach her pupil, but leaves her more wisely to instruct herself. He sees likewise, in what this career of the country girl terminates; and such of my young readers who are desirous of imitation, have only to follow the same track, to arrive at the same goal.

[*To be continued in our next.*] P 84

A TREATISE ON HATS;

OR,

A VISIT TO POLASLIA:

A FRAGMENT.

We embarked, Lord K— and myself, in a vessel bound to *India,* where, as we were told, we should find frequent opportunities of obtaining a passage to *Philadelphia.* Meeting with contrary winds, we were driven out of our course, and after being buffetted by the tempests, we were at length wrecked on an unknown coast. The inhabitants flocked around us; not one of our company understood their language; we could only collect from their gestures and preparations that they intended to send us to *Polaslos,* the capital of that immense country.

We were the first foreigners that had ever landed in that part of the empire; we were therefore examined with great curiosity. Among our floating and shipwrecked company was a Speculator. Before we left *Leghorn,* calculating on the vanity that prevails in every country, he had taken on board, as a venture, a quantity of articles, which he hoped to dispose of in the Indies. They consisted of robes, hats, clothing for both sexes, and trinkets of different kinds. The chief of the district in which we were, ordered the chests to be conveyed into a kind of hall, for the purpose of being inspected. Their contents were absolutely useless to a people inhabiting a country favoured by Heaven, and having scarcely any other clothing than

what they had received from the benevolence of Nature. I was present at the opening of the chests, and witnessed the astonishment occasioned by what they contained. The governor knowing that the people in the north of that vast country used clothes, of which I was ignorant, determined to send the chests to *Polaslos.* If these people had been surprized at the sight of the articles, my astonishment was much greater to see them take possession of them. "Wherefore," said I to myself, "do they keep clothes, when they wear none?—I was just going to inscribe this nation in my tablets among the number of foolish people, but I resolved not to act with such precipitation, but to endeavour to learn what they meant to do with the goods. It will presently be seen what reason I had to congratulate myself on my prudence.

After travelling without interruption for three months we reached *Polaslos.* The report of our arrival was soon spread over the city, and as Nature has not forgotten to mingle curiosity among the ingredients of which the *Polaslians* are composed, they thronged in crowds to see us as we passed.

To know what the chests contained, and to determine what was to be done with them, a meeting of all the learned men of *Polaslia* was summoned. The assembly was to be held on the first day of the third month. In consequence of a singularity peculiar to that country, the men of science never met but on extraordinary cases.

It was made known throughout the whole country of *Polaslia,* that all the learned, and even all those who were accustomed to reason upon a subject and to form conjectures, should meet in the capital for the following purposes:

1. To give an explanation of certain strange creatures, in the shape of *Polaslians,* who had been cast upon the coast.

2. To inspect some curious articles of an unknown form.

3. To concert how to dispose of the former, and what was to be done with the latter.

I had three months before me to learn the *Polaslian* language, which is smooth, sonorous, and harmonious. I applied myself to the study of it with such assiduity, as to make a rapid progress.

The appointed day arrived; *Polaslos* was inundated by the multitude that assembled from every corner of the empire. There was not a village, not a hamlet, which had not furnished its sage, and when I beheld these crowds, I could not forbear thinking, surely the sciences must have reached their zenith in *Polaslia!*

The oldest sage presided over this brilliant assembly. An orator gave an account of our shipwreck. In a corner of the hall, which was of immense magnitude, and of which the eye could scarcely discern the farthest extremity, the packages were deposited, and we were placed in another part on an amphitheatre.

Those in whom the greatest confidence was reposed, or who possessed the highest reputation, were chosen,

1. To examine us.

2. To discover what relation could exist between our persons, and the articles contained in the packages.

These two questions gave occasion to several subdivisions.

Are the strangers of the same nature as the *Polaslians?*

Have they ideas?

Are they capable of thinking?

Can they speak?

Are they susceptible of the same functions?

They were proceeding to the discussion of these important questions, when another was accidentally stated. Are they all of the same nation? said one of the commissioners. We were than examined separately.

Lord K— was the first. Full of spirits in prosperity, his courage fooksook him in adversity, and like all the rest of his nation, he declared, that the only resource in misfortune, was to put an end to life. Sensible, however, that this resolution, when once executed, is irremediable, his Lordship wisely delayed to adopt the desperate measure. The philosophy of the English evaporates with the fumes of their punch, and the hiccup of their porter. Ever since our shipwreck, his Lordship had been dull and melancholy; his lips, from which, in France, issued the keenest satires on our countrymen, no longer smiled; his gait

was heavy and his face inclined towards the ground. He was directed to ascend into a kind of alcove, where, after an attentive examination it was decided.

1. That his Lordship was not of the same nation as the other stranger.

2. That it is doubtful whether he has ideas, and is capable of thinking.

3. He appears absolutely dumb.

4. He seems to be habitual in the state of a person afflicted with indigestion.

My countrymen were treated more favourably. Slow in judging, and proceeding with prudent and methodical precaution, the sages of *Polaslia* agreed that it was *probable* we could think, that we had ideas, and that we were of a nature somewhat similar to their own. As to the gift of speech, they were not long in doubt on that subject. This opinion was favourable, but the impression it produced to our advantage was almost entirely effaced by the examination of the packages, and the conjectures to which this inspection gave rise.

As I knew sufficient of the *Polaslian* language to act as interpreter, I was selected to fulfil that important duty. Self-love is a native of every Country: it is found in every part of the globe, with shades and modifications, which produce the variety that exists in the manners and customs of different nations. The *Polaslians* entertain a high notion of themselves, and have a great regard for those who speak their language. When I addressed them in their native idiom, they shewed me very great respect.

They proceeded to open the packages. The first contained a quantity of mens' and womens' hats of every form and of every colour: hats *a la Prussienne*, *a la Suwarow*, *a l'Anglaise*, &c. I was asked what those things were. I replied by two *Polaslian* words, which signify *head-covers*. Hence they *sagely* concluded, that these articles were destined, in Europe, to cover the head. They examined, with surprise, the variety of all our hats, their form, their depth, their size, their weight, their colour, and their brims. From these circumstances they formed conjectures concerning the shapes of European heads, and agreed that some must be enormously large, and others exceedingly small; while others again, must be square, or round, or oblong, or sharp-pointed; lastly, that there was a class of men without heads. The *dress-hat* led them to draw this last inference. I endeavoured, but to no purpose, to make them understand that this kind of hat was carried under the arm; they burst into a loud laugh; repeating, that people must be mad to carry under their arm, what ought to cover their heads. They imagined that all those different kinds of hats belonged to as many different nations, I suffered them to remain in their error, and took care not to tell them that they were used not only by the same nation, but by the inhabitants of the same town.

On seeing such great variety in the form of these hats, they descanted on the construction of the head, and in particular of the brains of Europeans; asserting, that according to appearances the men who use dress-hats must be totally destitute of brains; that the brain must be hollow in those that wear hats *a l'Anglaise;* and that those with *Suwarow* hats, can have nothing on their shoulders but that part of the head called the *cranium*.

This was sufficient to convince me in what errors the method of analogy may sometimes lead us.

I shall not repeat the conjectures made on the womens' hats: while they approved of the form of the straw hats with edges, they could not possibly conceive that the same person could wear a hat in the form of a cap, and without any edges; and afterwards a hat made of velvet, of stuff, or of silk. Still less could they imagine the use of bows of ribbons, of feathers, &c.

"If there be any relation," said the sage *Polaslians*, "between all these head-covers and the heads that wear them, there must exist an inconceivable variety in the figure and the construction of all those heads; and if no such relation exist, those countries must be inhabited by mad people." The sage *Polaslians* could form no conception of any other alternative.

The same variety that they had just discovered in the heads of Europeans, was found, from an examination of their shoes, to exist among their feet. Some of their shoes were round, others square, and others pointed: they concluded that the Europeans must skip along, instead of walking,

that is, if they were capable of using their feet at all. The shoes that ended in a long peak, led them to suppose, that some of the natives of Europe had tails at the ends of their feet; and in confirmation of this opinion, the most celebrated naturalist of *Polaslia* transmitted to the museum of the city a pair of those shoes.

The general conclusion from all this was, that the Europeans form a class of men of a very strange figure. A thick volume soon appeared, describing this species of animal, with all his varieties; and another on the tails that grew at the ends of the feet. The last-mentioned work produced a powerful sensation; and to pacify the ladies of *Polaslia*, a public notice appeared, stating that among the strangers who had recently arrived, there was not a single foot with a tail.

ORIGIN OF TWELFTH CAKES.

MR. EDITOR,

As I am convinced that the object of your Work is to admit Miscellanies of every class, which relate to the Fashions and Amusements of the Age, and not to reject them though they may appear at first somewhat too abstruse for female investigation, I am induced to send you the following Inquiry into the origin of Twelfth Cakes.

Among the modern nations of *Europe*, there are customs, the origin of which is lost in the obscurity of remote ages, and which seem to have survived the revolutions of states, the reforms of religion, and the changes of laws and of manners. Such is the custom of the twelfth cake, or, as it is called in France, the cake of kings; a custom constantly kept up in that country, even at a time when its inhabitants could not tolerate it without endangering their lives. At a period when the name of king was not permitted to mingle with the most innocent games, solitary families met, to divide in silence the *cake of kings.*

The poets and historians of antiquity have given us some curious details concerning this custom; and it is at present matter of astonishment, that, during such a long period, in such different climates, with such opposite manners and religions, men have observed this kind of general approximation.

"At the Saturnalia," says the philosopher *Arrian*, "the king elected by lot, exercises his authority, commanding one to drink, another to pour out wine; ordering this man to go, and that to come." *Tacitus* observes, that *Nero* never missed these feasts, and that he was always extremely anxious to be the king of the festival. "*Verres*," says *Cicero*, "had trampled upon the laws of the Roman people, but he punctually obeyed the laws of the table."

This profound respect for the kings of the table, was manifested by all the exterior signs which denote the most absolute authority on the one hand, and the most perfect dependance on the other. It even appears that the honours paid to this transient dignity, but which was held under a circumstance considered by the ancients as one of the most important in life, excited a considerable degree of pride in the minds of those who received them. How necessary it was to inculcate the sentiments of modesty on those occasions, is apparent from the advice given to such persons among the Hebrews.

"If thou be made the master of a feast," says *Ecclesiasticus*, lift not thyself up, but be among them as one of the rest, take diligent care for them, and so sit down. And when thou hast done all thy office, take thy place, that thou mayest be merry with them, and receive a crown for thy well ordering of the feast." *Tertullian*, indeed, in his treatise, *De Corona*, censures this custom; but the very asperity of *Tertullian* is a demonstration of the universal respect paid in his time to this ancient institution.

The kings of the festival were not always elected by lot. One of the passages quoted above, pre-supposes a free and rational

election. *Plautus*, in one of his comedies, introduces persons who appoint a king or a queen over them, and one of the number addresses these words to a young and beautiful woman: "I give this crown of flowers to her who is in the flower of her age; you shall be our sovereign." It would, however, appear, that the most usual method was to have recourse to the lot in the disposal of this kind of sovereignty. It is well known, that at a repast at which *Agesilaus* presided, he issued an order, the equity of which was highly admired by all the friends of the table. He directed that if there were plenty of wine, each should have as much as he should choose to drink; but if the quantity was small, one was not to receive more than another, and when that great man gave this decision, so gravely recorded by *Plutarch*, he had been just elected the king by lot.

Anacreon supposes that *billets*, such as we make use of at present, were employed. "Slaves," says he, "bring the billets that I may mix them, and that we may have a king of the festival. *Horace* gives us to understand, that this innocent crown was conferred by the dice. "When thou shall be in the gloomy mansion of *Pluto*, says he to his friend *Sextus*, the dice will no more give thee the sovereignty at the festival. *Pollux* the rhetorician, and several other men of learning, conceived that these dice were not like ours, but had figures and emblems engraved upon them. These were in general a dog and a Venus, or, according to the statement of *Plautus*, a vulture and a basilisk. The vulture and the dog excluded the candidate: he who had the basilisk or the *Venus*, again tried his fortune with those who had been as lucky as himself, unless he had been from the beginning the only one whom the lot had thus favoured. When children elected a king, in their sports, they made use of beans; and in various republics, beans were likewise employed at the election of magistrates. Hence that precept of *Pythagoras*: *A fabis abstine. Abstain from beans;* that is, abstain from intermeddling in the affairs of the government. It is well known that the followers of this philosopher shunned public employment, and courted silence and retirement.

When the king was elected, on assuming his dignity he commonly made a speech, of which some of the ancient writers have preserved the following passages: "Let us drink, my friends; let us drain the flowing goblet; let us intoxicate ourselves with this delicious liquor, with this beverage of the gods! O *Bacchus!* thou who art accompanied by the sports and by the smiles, be present in our circle with a crown upon thy head, and an ample bowl in thy hand: warm our spirits. Haste, ye slaves! give me three cups, then nine, then three times nine; and then give them untold: I will resign myself to a delightful madness. *Hercules*, agitated by the furies, broke the bow and the ponderous quiver of *Iphitus; Ajax*, a prey to rage, struck his buckler with the sword of *Hector;* but I, with cup in hand, my hair crowned with flowers, without bow and without sword, I will resign myself to a pleasing delirium: I would rather lose my reason than my life."

These amusements were seasoned with wit, mirth, and good humour; it cannot therefore be unprofitable to recal them to our recollection.

FATHER AND SON:

AN EASTERN MORAL.

Abdallah, born in the extreme of poverty, scarcely, by the most assiduous labour, could earn sufficient for his own, and aged father's subsistence. This did not prevent him from marrying the young and lovely *Ismena*. To her he confided the care of his parent, and the humble habitation in which they resided. After the fatigues of the day he returned with the setting sun to his cot, and spending a happy evening in the bosom of his family, divided with them the produce of his toils. *Ismena*, presented him with a son. In the midst of the joy occasioned by his birth,

Abdallah reflected on the poverty to which this infant was heir. He had hitherto never known what it was to be discontented; nor even then would he have murmured against his fortune, but that he wished his child a happier lot. He perceived it was necessary to acquire some portion of independence, but with his small earnings how could independence be purchased?

Whilst he was employed with these ideas, his mind reverted to his father, enfeebled by age, and rendered incapable of contributing to his own support; for the first time, he regarded him as an incumbrance, and conceived that he alone prevented him from acquiring riches. He, now, only saw in him an infirm and troublesome old man, continually complaining, and exacting the most tiresome attentions. He no longer remembered that he had a right to exact them.

The munificence and humanity of the Sultans of the East had founded public asylums for indigent old age. The riches of these hospitable buildings were converted to every other purpose but the relief of the poor. Avarice had applied to its own uses the treasures destined for the support of the charity. The unfortunate beings who were obliged to seek refuge in these abodes of misery, entered them trembling, and fearful of meeting treatment which would abridge their melancholy days.

Abdallah, who had never seen these retreats without shuddering, now recollected that they were open to his father. Eager to be discharged from the expence and trouble, and vexed at some of the caprices which generally accompany age and infirmities, he announced to him that they must separate.

The old man sighed without replying, he was too feeble to walk. . *Abdallah* took him on his shoulders, and proceeded towards the hospital. The road being long and broken he was obliged to rest, and, having deposited his burthen in the corner of a street, he sat down to take breath.

From the very moment he departed from the house, the old man groaned most piteously, and shed abundance of tears. Suddenly he ceased, and appeared, during some moments, lost in the most profound meditation. In a short time he leaned towards his son, and embracing him, said, "I pardon thee, my son, I have merited this treatment. I receive it as a chastisement from heaven. The Almighty Prophet sees into our hearts, and our most secret movements are known to him. He keeps an exact register of all our actions, and, in time, either recompences or punishes them. It is now forty-five years, my child, since I conducted your grand-father into this VERY asylum to which you are now conveying me. I have been ungrateful, you have become so, and perhaps your son will be the same. We have both learned, and propagated the same lesson, and the effects of it will be visited upon us by the retributive justice of heaven in the inhumanity of our children. What I have been to my father, thou hast been to thine, and so will thy son be to thee. Heaven is just, let us not murmur at his will."

Abdullah heard him with astonishment, a ray of light flashed across his soul; he made no reply, but placing the old man on his back, returned with him to his house. The project he had formed filled him with horror, and he testified his repentance ever after by redoubled care and tenderness.

USEFULNESS OF AN OLD WOMAN.

On my return, I found an old woman at a door, where she seemed unable to gain admittance. I knocked for her. At last a man put his head out of the window. "Ha! it is this everlasting hag that wakes us: she will never die."

I was shocked at this brutal answer. "Madam," said I, "may I ask the reason of your coming home so late?" "I have been to take care of a sick person; but, as I have already sat up two nights, they are afraid I shall fall asleep, and have sent me away." "They should have let you sleep at the house that employed you." "I feared lest I should be troublesome. At my age, Sir, we are not sufferable but in cases

of the most urgent necessity; yet there is no tenderness but in women, there is no attention but in old women. The young ones are constantly occupied in taking care of themselves. As for me, I divide myself into four parts when I am nursing one that is sick: I have an eye to every thing. I do not fear that want of sleep will weigh my eye-lids down, make me become pale, and even indisposed.

"A sick person never constrains himself with an old woman."

I felt that this woman knew exceedingly well the utility of her age. Still the door was unopened. I knocked again, but no answer was made. At this moment a man arrived from the house that the old woman had quitted. "Ah, *Mrs. Thompson*, are you here yet! cried he: "your patient wants you again; he will have none but you; I beg you will return." The good old woman returned. I saw that she was not destitute of information; she was highly pleased that the sick person had sent for her again. I went with her, in order to have a little further talk on the subject.

"Women," said she to me, "are men's nurses. I heard it once told to an old officer, whom I nursed during sickness, that after the battle of *Rosbach*, the general, who had many wounded soldiers, and few people to take care of them, determined to make nurses of all the loose females that follow the army, and told them that they would do well to behave properly. Well, Sir, the greatest part of them became steady, industrious, and attentive; they took care of the soldiers as if they had been their children, and saved three parts of them. A woman is often praised, but never sufficiently valued. When a man sees a woman, what ought he to see in her His nurse, his guardian, his mistress, his wife, his unceasing friend, his comforter in sickness; the being that gives him his first life, that affords him his first food, that is the creator or promoter of every pleasure he enjoys during his life, and whose tender attention can alleviate the dreadful pangs of approaching dissolution. Young, she is beautiful; old, she is good: one grateful word over-pays her. Old women are fit for a number of things which young ones are incapable of performing, either from ignorance, or because they will not take the trouble. An old woman is never tired of any thing. I am old, Sir, and I know my value in society."

THE LADIES' TOILETTE, OR ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

Of cleanliness.—The toilette without cleanliness fails of obtaining its object. A careful attention to the person, frequent ablutions, linen always white, which never betrays the inevitable effect of perspiration and of dust; a skin always smooth and brilliant, garments not soiled by any stain, and which might be taken for the garments of a nymph; a shoe which seems never to have touched the ground; this it is that constitutes cleanliness. To this might likewise be added a scrupulous care to avoid every thing that can indicate functions which undeceive the imagination. Women, among the ancients were nymphs, nothing about them belied the graceful imagery of the poets who immortalized them in their works. At *Rome* and at *Athens* a woman could neither spit nor use her handkerchief in public. If she had a cold, she was under the necessity of remaining at home.

Of the skin.—It was not on the form, or the nature of attire, that the great characters of antiquity bestowed their attention, but it was devoted to the preservation of the beauty of the person. They did not follow the same method as we, who frequently decorate a wretched picture with a magnificent frame. The ancients had a more profound theory; the cares they bestowed were the result of the esteem they had for themselves, of the persuasion that every thing is comprehended in nature, and that the beauty, health, and the good qualities of the heart, almost always proceed hand in hand.

It is from particular attention to the skin that we must expect health, long life, and a happy old age.

The air is the natural enemy of the lilies of a beautiful complexion; but unfortunately for our handsome women, it is not the only enemy; a laborious life, or excess in pleasure; too much sleep or too frequent watchings; too intense application, or the languor of a life of indolence or apathy; melancholy and violent passions, grief, fear, anxiety, or hatred, are all prejudicial to the beauty of the skin, diminish its lustre, efface or alter its colours. On the contrary, a life of prudence and regularity; easy and varied occupations; benevolent, exalted, generous affections; the exercise of virtue, with that inward satisfaction which is the precious reward of it; such are the causes which preserve the flexibility of the organs, a free circulation, a perfect state of all the functions, whence results health, as well as beauty.

Buffon has observed that the delicate complexion, and happy physiognomy of the nobility, and most of the higher classes, is owing to the ailiments they use. Water has an influence equally powerful on the beauty of the carnation.

If a fortunate change of circumstances enable a young female of limited means, who scarcely attracted any observation, to attend the minute details of the toilette, we in a short time behold a new beauty expand in her. How many village girls, with charms somewhat rustic, and figures rather coarse, have improved themselves by a residence in the city, and the use of the toilette. 'Twas thus I beheld the celestial beauty of *Sophia* drawn forth. *Sophia* at fifteen was a mere country girl. *Sophia* has now attained her eighteenth spring, and she is an elegant and delicate nymph. Her dark and coarse complection has acquired lustre, and whiteness; her lips, at the same time that they have become more delicate, have assumed the colour of coral.

FRAGMENT OF A SIAMESE LETTER.

The English affirm that they adore but one God; I cannot believe them, for in addition to the living deities to whom they are used to address their prayers, they have many other inanimate ones to whom they offer sacrifice, as I observed in one of their assemblies into which I accidentally entered.

I beheld a large, circular altar, covered with a green cloth, lighted in the middle, and surrounded by several persons seated in the same manner as we are at our domestic sacrifices.

At the moment of my entrance, one of them, who appeared to be the sacrificer, spread over the altar the detatched leaves of a little book which he held in his hand; on these leaves were represented various figures; these figures were very rudely painted, yet they must be images of certain deities, for as they were distributed to the circle, each of the persons present placed an offering upon them, according to his devotion. I observed that these offerings were much larger than those which they made in their temples. . . . .

After the ceremony I have just described, the sacrificer moves his hand, trembling all the time, over the rest of the book, and remains for some moments petrified with fear and impatience. All the others, in anxious suspence, and motionless like himself, are attentive to what he is going to do: afterwards, at every leaf which he turns up, these motionless spectators are alternately agitated in different ways, according to the spirit which takes possession of them: this, clasping his hands returns thanks to heaven; that, grinning, looks stedfastly at his image; a third bites his fingers and stamps the floor; in a word, all throw themselves into such extraordinary postures and contortions that they no longer have the appearance of human beings. But no sooner has the sacrificer turned up a certain leaf than he himself is seized with phrenzy, tears the book, and devours it from rage—overturns the altar, and curses the sacrifice. Nothing is now heard but lamentations, groans, cries, and imprecations. On beholding them thus transported with fury, I judged that the deity whom they adore is a jealous god, who, to punish them for sacrificing to others, sends

to each an evil spirit to take possession of them.

Such is the opinion a Siamese might deduce from the passions of male gamblers.—What would he think, if he had an opportunity of observing those of the female party?

MAXIMS AND RULES FOR THE CONDUCT OF WOMEN.

BY THE LATE COUNTESS DE BOUFFLERS.

1. In the exterior, decency and cleanliness.
2. In demeanor, reason and simplicity.
3. In actions, justice and generosity.
4. In language, truth and perspicuity.
5. In adversity, fortitude and pride.
6. In prosperity, moderation and modesty.
7. In company, affability and ease.
8. In domestic life, rectitude and kindness, without familiarity.
9. Fulfil duties according to their order and importance.
10. Never allow yourself any thing but what a third enlightened and impartial person would allow you.
11. Avoid giving advice.
12. When you have a duty to fulfil, consider dangers only as inconveniences, and not as obstacles.
13. Sacrifice every thing to peace of mind.
14. Combat adversity, as disease, with temperance.
15. Be anxious only to do what is right, paying as much respect as possible to the world and to the laws of decorum; but having observed this rule, be indifferent to public opinion.
16. Never indulge in any but innocent raillery, which is not injurious to principles, nor painful to persons.
17. Despise interest, and employ it nobly.
18. Deserve respect.

MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS ON THE CONDUCT OF WOMEN.

A MODEST assurance very nearly approaches grace. We are never better than when we feel that we are well.

The quarrels of lovers are like storms in summer, which only render the country more verdant and more beautiful.

It is not sufficient to be beloved: we wish to be so for those parts of our character which we ourselves consider amiable.

Fortune is in the habit of taking back from us, by means of our desires, all that she has given us to satisfy them.

When I see unhappy men who are unsuccessful in every thing, who lose their children, their property, their friends, and still are attached to life, I look upon them in the same light as masks at a ball, who know nobody, to whom no person speaks; who experience the utmost languor and disgust, and yet are the last to quit the scene.

I think this rule may be given, with respect to pleasantry: It is good as long as the person you attack can reply in such a manner as to be satisfied with himself; but as soon as he becomes embarrassed, the pleasantry is too severe.

If I durst, I would hazard a proposition, which will appear new. It is this—That I am better pleased to see my real friends when I am in prosperity than in adversity. We must be highly beloved indeed by our friends, if they share with us the feeling of our happiness, if their minds be engaged with ideas like our own, if they dwell with pleasure upon our circumstances. A fortunate man is chargeable to others; they envy him his good fortune. When he enters your house to communicate his felicity, and you are past the first moment of secret satisfaction which you feel at having been chosen by him for that purpose, you soon become impatient for him to be gone, that you may reason the matter over, and discover some draw-back. In a word, it is the master-piece

of the most tender friendship, to love so much as not to be importunate for the detail of the circumstances which have rendered a man happy; whereas, in adversity, I have only to shew my face, and people are too glad to see me wretched, not to converse with me with pleasure. They draw from me a narrative of my disaster, they dwell on all the particulars which attended it, they make long lamentations, they are never tired of the subject; while my true friends, overwhelmed with grief at my situation, have nothing to say to me, because they themselves stand in equal need of consolation.

The fable of the miller, his son, and the ass, teaches us that, whatever course we may pursue, we must not expect the approbation of mankind; but we must take care not to abuse this moral, and beware lest the difficulty of obtaining approbation should serve as a pretext for obstinately following our own caprices.

Men pretend to be better and think themselves worse than they actually are. They are inconsistent in evil as in good.

It is the property of the false man to ridicule all those sentiments which he has not; but some are so false as to ridicule the very sentiments which themselves possess. Their habit of disguise prevents them from remaining a moment in their natural state; they overdo every thing, even the demonstration of the grief or the joy which they feel.

Ladies of gallantry are treated by the world nearly in the same manner as loose women are treated by the public. As long as they make no disturbance they are suffered to continue their trade in peace. In like manner a woman of gallantry associates with all the prudes, as long as she keeps matters within bounds; but on the first uproar, her whole conduct is scrutinized, the minutest circumstances are raked up, and her reputation is gone.

It cannot be more surprising to see a woman who has been unfaithful to her husband, prove inconstant to her paramour, than to see thieves mutually cheat each other.

Languor is the end of love.

The pensive melancholy of youth makes us smile; that of old age draws tears into our eyes, because we presume that the one is sad from being embarrassed in his choice, and the other regrets that he has nothing left to choose.

THE MARCHIONESS OF TOWNSHEND:

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

To which is added, a correct Likeness of that Lady in her Court Dress of Jan. 8, 1806.

ANNE, the present Marchioness of Townshend, was the youngest daughter of *William Montgomery*, Esq. afterwards created a Baronet. Her family was originally Scotch, though settled in Ireland. *Mr. Montgomery* was a gentleman of an ancient and honourable house, without any considerable fortune, but a man well esteemed and received in the polite world. Previously to his daughter's marriage, he was an army agent in Dublin. Sir *William Montgomery* had four children, *Elizabeth*, *Barbara*, *Anne*, and the late unfortunate Colonel *Montgomery*, who was killed in a duel with Captain *Macnamara*.

The three Miss *Montgomeries* were the toasts of *Ireland* from their earliest introduction into the fashionable world. They were amiable and engaging, educated with the utmost propriety and attention, and were so accomplished in all exterior and intellectual qualifications, and so attractive and interesting in their persons, manners, and demeanour, that they received the name of the *three Graces*.

The first acquaintance of the present Marchioness of *Townshend* with the noble Marquis her husband, arose when his Lordship held the high office of Viceroy of *Ireland*. It was here that he first beheld Miss *Montgomery*, and became enamoured of her; his attachment was speedily followed by an offer of his hand, and he married her, May 19th, 1773. Her sisters were not less fortunate in contracting splendid alliances. *Barbara* was married to the Hon. Mr. *Beresford*, of the family of the Marquis of *Waterford*; and *Elizabeth* to the first Viscount *Mountjoy*. It may not be superfluous to mention here,

that the attractions of these amiable sisters made an equal impression upon the English and the Irish Courts. If we mistake not, Sir *Joshua Reynolds* has exhibited them in a picture, as the *three Graces* crowning the statue of *Hymen.*

Upon the first introduction of the Marchioness into the splendid circle of the English Court, she was no less admired for the graces of her person, than for those many amiable qualities of the heart, by which she gave dignity to her rank, and diffused happiness around her. Being of an enlarged and liberal mind, and of an education which had given her the strongest sense of religious and domestic duties, she was not qualified for that dissipation and pursuit of pleasure which is so conspicuous in the rest of our nobility, and more particularly in those who are unexpectedly elevated to high rank and dignified station.

Her discretion, equally with her taste, led her to prefer a life of retirement, which at this time was peculiarly suited to the fortune of the Marquis. They lived at his Lordship's seat, at Raynham, in Norfolk, for many years, in the enjoyment of a most pure domestic felicity. But at this time we are sorry to add that the scene was somewhat overclouded by an extraordinary depression of spirits which took place in the Marquis, arising from a straitness of circumstances, and the increasing demands of a very young and numerous family. At this period, however, Providence seemed to smile upon their conjugal virtues and endearments by bestowing a considerable accession of fortune from the death of numerous relatives and friends. It will not be deemed flattery to observe, that the admirable conduct of the Marchioness had secured her several strong and powerful attachments among many who were not within the circle of her own immediate connections. It was to these that the Marquis was chiefly indebted for that increase of fortune which has since made their domestic arrangements, not only comfortable, but splended.

Among those whose friendship and admiration the Marchioness had attracted by her virtues and amiable qualities, we think it but justice to mention Mr. *Devaynes,* who bequeathed her a considerable legacy, and expressed in his will, that he left it as "a token of his esteem, and a mark of his admiration of her exemplary conduct, both as a wife and a mother, in superior station."

Upon the marriage of her Royal Highness the *Princess of Wales,* the Marchioness of *Townshend* was appointed Mistress of the Robes, a situation which she still holds.

Her Ladyship has a numerous and most beautiful family; *Anne,* the eldest, was born Feb. 1, 1775, married to *Harrington Hudson,* Esq; *Charlotte,* born March 17, 1776, married August 9, 1797, to his Grace the Duke of *Leeds*; *Honoria Maria,* born July 6, 1777; *William,* born September 5, 1778; *Harriet,* born April 20, 1782; *James Nugent Boyle Bernardo,* born September 11, 1785.

Her Ladyship, though from her particular office frequently called to attend the Court, is still devoted to a life of domestic retirement and seclusion. Her time is chiefly occupied in the most tender and affectionate solicitudes for the health and comforts of the Marquis, who is now considerably declined in the vale of years. *Raynham* Hall, however, is still the seat of an elegant and dignified hospitality; and the poor and distressed of a most populous neighbourhood are liberally supplied by the kind and extensive charities of the Marchioness. We shall conclude this slight sketch by observing, that a more brilliant and perfect example of virtue in high life, cannot be proposed to our female readers.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY, con. page 81.

INTRODUCTORY TO A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

I HAVE often heard that life is a succession of sacrifices; that every good we possess must be obtained at a price; that pleasure and pain share the influence of every hour; and that such a disposition of things is necessarily suited to, as it originates from, the wisdom which orders all things aright.

Such is the picture which has again and again been held forth to my unmatured understanding. Occasional glimpses of it I have caught and forgotten, but now I feel the truth of it, forcibly and irresistibly, for the first time. I am now sensible, and in no small degree, of those sensations, when great pleasure is sacrificed for the enjoyment of great good. If I lose the society of my sister, I am become the companion, may I not add the consolation of my father. It is your absence that occasions this affecting, but I presume, useful experience. In losing you, what do I not lose—the sweetest companion, the kindest friend, the most affectionate sister in the world. From infancy to the present hour, how seldom have we been separated a day from each other! As there is little more than the difference of a year in our respective ages, we may be said almost to have been rocked together in the same cradle, and to have known the early attachment that twins have been said by some, as it were instinctively, to possess for each other. In short, the same hand appeared to guide our first steps, as the same care has superintended the formation of our minds, and been thus far in our course, the rudder of our understandings. How this circumstance, among others, has strengthened our natural union to each other, the same studies, the same amusements, the same pursuits, the same inclinations, in short, what happiness! the same mind, have ever engaged and directed us. Never did I feel the jealousy of a moment at your superiority. My most anxious ambition has been, as far as nature would allow it, to resemble you, and never was I so flattered, as when it has been observed, that Eliza grew up like her eldest sister. I set at defiance the recollection of a moment, when any dispute has arisen between us, but in the contest of good offices. Nor has my mind hitherto acknowledged the probability, that any future settlement, though titles, wealth, and all that is held out as composing the charms of life, to youthful, and particularly to female fancy, were to grace and decorate it, would compensate my final absence from you. This, perhaps, may be a dream, which the future circumstances of life will dissipate; but I write from the present preference, and I will hug it to me till another comes, who is to make such a revolution in my heart, as to turn all its former tenants out of it, or at least to become a Lord Paramount in it. You cannot forget the mirth which was once occasioned by the *naïveté* of our observations, on the consolations given to the Queen, in Dr. Boyce's Bridal Anthem, on her marriage. "Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children." How this may be, I know not, but the greater evil which I have experienced has been to quit home; or, as is the present case, by your departure, to have half my home quit me.

Our last year's visit to London, with our aunt W———, did not satisfy us as we expected, though it was the unremitting study of that excellent relation to render our abode in the metropolis pleasant as the metropolis could be, and she possessed all the means of doing so. The novelty pleased us at first, but we soon languished for home, and sought our native mansion with all the eagerness of children returning from school. Indeed, that was your own pleasant idea of our feelings on the occasion, and our hearts told us it was true. Whether another year will have made any change in your mind, I shall not pretend to conjecture. We are certainly of an age, when, as we have been told, strange metamorphoses will take place in the female character; and it is not for us to suppose, that we are to be exempt from the progressive changes incident to our state and nature.

C'est ce que nous verrons.

We are, however, separated for the first time. This reflection forces a deep sigh from my breast, and I am disposed to believe that when your eyes reach this part of my letter, your bosom will feel an equal sensation, and be responsive to that of your sister's.

You, my dearest Caroline, are gone to pass a winter's apprenticeship in the great, the gay, the fashionable world, to learn the geography of the country in which you are to live, to inform yourself of the manners of its inhabitants, to become acquainted with its language and its customs, and to inform yourself of its dangers; so that, while you fit yourself for your right conduct in all the various duties of your station and character, you may be enabled to communicate your experience to me, and be my preceptress in the science of duty and the arts of life. It is this consideration which, in some measure, reconciles me to your absence. I look to your

letters as forming a preparatory course of lectures to prepare me for that instruction, which your conversation, when you return to us, will fully complete. I have heard of a system being adopted in a gentleman's family, where the children were very numerous, and the cost of a general education too great for its finances, which was to indulge in every expence to give the eldest daughter the most finished education, that she might communicate the advantages of it to all her younger sisters, at no expence at all.—Now though money is not an object with us, time is; and I come at length to the great object of my letter, not with the view to address it to your heart, for I well know how that is directed, but to ease my own.

Pardon me, my dearest sister, in repeating what we have often said, that one of us must constantly remain at home. The situation of our incomparable father would demand such a sacrifice, if it were possible, which, thank Heaven, it is not, to be a sacrifice. His decaying sight, added to his other bodily infirmities, renders it an indisputable duty that one of his children should be ever with him. He who has never ceased to lament the loss of our mother, now a saint in heaven, since she was laid in the tomb, must not be left alone to feel that loss, embittered and aggravated by comfortless solitude. Our aunt Sarah, who, in the direction of family affairs and domestic economy, cannot be surpassed, and who loves him and us ten times more than she ever loved any thing or any body, does not possess the gentle disposition and soothing manners; in short, she is incapable of those graduating attentions which his peculiar situation, and the fine wrought web of his mind, require. He understands no signs but words, and has no more idea of preventing an unexpressed want, than she has of refusing to gratifying it, when good plain English has discovered it to her.

It would be an idle waste of words and of time to enlarge upon my duties to you, who have set me the example of performing them, and who must now aid me in following that example. You will, of course, enrich your letters with every topic that can relieve my duties, and enable me to embellish them. This, my dear Caroline, was the subject of our last conversation, and I wish to supply a very material deficiency in it. I allude to our cousin Henry, who ought to have been a principal feature of it. He might add very much, indeed, to our father's amusement, if he would write an occasional letter to him, or to me if he should like it better, on the transactions which must pass under his observation. He lives much in the world, possesses no common share of discernment, and could tell a great deal that would never reach our distant woods, but by such a communication. Ask him to employ a couple of hours every week (am I unreasonable?) to this object. As he will inherit my father's estate and title, he ought to consider himself as in the place of a son to him, and a brother to us. Not that we have hitherto had any reason to complain of him. His wife, with all her civilities, does not like us: but let that pass. He will, I doubt not, instantly feel the force of a suggestion of this sort, and act as becomes him.

Having been advanced to the post of Prime Minister at———, I appoint you and Henry, without any other description, to be Ambassadors from that Court to the World of Fashion, Science, and Politics, and shall expect frequent dispatches from you both.

Adieu, my dear Caroline.

Your ever fond and affectionate Sister,

E— C——.

[*To be continued.*]

ON THE DRESS OF WOMEN.

SIR,

As I believe it to be part of the interesting Publication you are about to introduce to the world, to consider the Science of Costume *not merely as subsidiary to female vanity, but likewise to the morals and chastity of the female mind, I have ventured to send you some observations on the dress of Women, which, though probably too severe for the present taste, I can trust to your candour to admit.*

IT would be easy to write the history of the manners of a people by retracing its costumes; and it has been remarked that, at the periods when morals were most corrupt, the taste for the naked fashion was carried to the greatest excess.

Among the *Romans* the women wore dresses of a kind of stuff so transparent that the body might be seen through it as if entirely naked. This stuff was made of silk, so extremely fine that it was dyed a purple colour before it was made up for, when this species of gauze was manufactured

it was so delicate that it could not possibly hav admitted the dye. The shell-fish which furnished the precious material for this colour, was found near the island of *Cos*, whence writers have denominated this stuff the dress of *Cos*. It is further curious to remark, that it was a woman who invented this transparent stuff, which inclosed the female body, as it were, in a case of glass: she was most assuredly well acquainted with the taste of her sex. The name of the woman was *Pamphilia*. *Pliny* has recorded her name: "This woman," says he, "ought not to be deprived of the glory which is due to her, that of having invented a dress which exhibits the women perfectly naked."

Seneca speaks of these habiliments in the following words: "Do you see those transparent habits, if however they may be called habits? What do you there discover that is capable of defending the person or preserving modesty? Dare those who wear them venture to swear that they are not naked?"

Varro called these habits dresses of glass. Another author denominates them woven wind, and a silken vapour. "Is it decorous," says he, "in a virtuous woman, to wear a habit of wind, and be clothed in a silken vapour?"

It would appear that in those days, as at present, the females, whose superannuated charms called for the prudent aid of a discreet veil, sacrificed their self-love to the fashion, in generously adopting a costume which publicly revealed the progress of age and the inroads of time. *Horace* ridicules *Lyce*, one of his former mistresses, who, though on the wane, wore, like young females, transparent habits of gauze of *Cos*.

This mode prevailed during a very long period. It was at first adopted by courtezans, and soon followed by females who imitated them in more than one particular; and it continued till the time of St. *Jerome*, who declaims against these garments.

We learn from *Isaiah*, that the women and maidens of *Jerusalem* wore dresses of a similar nature.

I know not how far back it is necessary to go, to discover the origin of this mode, which consists in wearing a dress so fine that the wearer might as well go naked. I have found models of it in the most remote ages. In *Montfaucon's* learned work, entitled, "Antiquity explained by Figures," I have seen a representation of an *Egyptian* female, dressed in a tunic so fine as to shew the shape in the most perfect manner; and what appeared to me the most remarkable is, that this woman holds her robe exactly in the same manner as the *Parisian* females of the present day are represented to hold it, that is, she draws it tightly round the body, so as to exhibit all the forms still more distinctly.

More than four hundred years ago, the women of *France* went, as at present, with their shoulders and bosoms uncovered. Historical monuments teach us, that thus Queen *Isabel* of *Bavaria*, the wife of *Charles* VI. was dressed. We are told, it was she who introduced this fashion.

During the reign of *Henry* II. and *Charles* IX. the ambitious and voluptuous *Catherine de Medicis*, who wished to enervate by pleasure all the French, that she might afterwards govern them, introduced a new indecency of dress.—It appears that this fashion continued under *Henry* III.

It again made its appearance under *Louis* XIV. disappeared at the conclusion of his reign, and returned in the first year of that of *Louis* XV. But at no period, and in no civilized country, was excess in this particular carried to such a height as during the years of the *French* Revolution.

Before that time women had been the slaves of silly customs and of ridiculous and *Gothic* fashions; they suddenly burst asunder all the fetters which bad taste had imposed upon them, and taking as models the *Grecian* women, so celebrated for their beauty, they exhibited, together with the perfection of taste, a complete neglect of decency. In this, I must confess, they deviated from their models; but such is the usual practice of the human mind; it is incessantly running into extremes. Accordingly, women exchanged a barbarous for a cynical costume.

A dress too prudish conceals beauty; a costume too free prostitutes it. A *Latin* poet has observed, "I do not like *Diana* when dressed, or *Cytherea* quite naked; one is destitute of voluptuousness, the other has too much."

If the sex intended to imitate the *Grecian* females, they however deviated widely from their decency and their morals. The *Grecian* women lived extremely retired, in impenetrable apartments; their costume set off their charms without exposing them. The example of the young girls of *Sparta* was not followed in other parts of *Greece*, and the costumes handed down to us were those of courtezans; besides which, it may easily be conceived, that the artist has allowed himself considerable liberties. Are we enabled at the present day, to judge of the dress of our handsome women by the fancy portraits delineated by our painters? And will our descendants say, that our women went naked, because Madame ***, Madame ***, and Madame ***, caused themselves to be painted in that manner?

Not only was the costume of the *Grecian* females extremely austere, but they were seldom permitted to appear before men; and *Plutarch* relates, that *Elpinice* became an object of uni-

versal contempt because she had sat to *Polygnotus*, though that artist had only drawn a figure after her, the face of which was veiled. It is well known, that the inhabitants of the island of *Cos* refused to place in their city the most beautiful statue that was ever made of the goddess of beauty, because she was naked.

People have declaimed in every age against nakedness, and to what purpose? Pleasantry has always produced a much more powerful effect on the female mind than the soundest arguments; the shafts of ridicule penetrate much deeper than all the artillery of logic. Of this I will quote an example:

About a century ago, the same abuse had gained ground in *London*—I allude to the naked fashion in dress—but its progress appears to have been much more rapid than at *Paris*. The fashion at *London* consisted, indeed, not only in wearing robes cut down very deep, but likewise in having the petticoats extremely short. In spite of the repeated declamations of philosophers and moralists, and, perhaps to vex those gentlemen a little, they kept visibly diminishing; from day to day the top of the robe was observed to sink, and the bottom to rise, till at length strong apprehensions were entertained, lest these excessive diminutions should exhibit nothing more than the cestus of *Venus*, or rather of the girdle of our grandmother *Eve*, the first of costumes mentioned in the records of history.

The Guardian, among other journals of the day, had declaimed against this innovation, which however only tended to restore an ancient custom, and, like the others, its declamations produced nothing but disgust, when a letter, stated to have been received from one of its correspondents, made its appearance. This letter, which was written by a woman, rallied the prevailing fashion in so admirable a manner, that, for once, wit succeeded in its league with morals, and nakedness and indecency were put to the rout by the shafts of ridicule. What the pulpit could not overthrow, and the stage dared not attack, the single effort of a woman accomplished through the pages of the Guardian.

In the present day it has in vain been considered possible to induce the sex to renounce this fashion, by shewing them that they sacrificed to it the most precious advantage; in vain physicians have demonstrated the pernicious effects of nakedness upon health; in vain examples incessantly recurring, confirm the precepts of medical science; in vain numerous and interesting victims sink beneath a destructive fashion: these things only stimulate the sex to expose themselves to still greater dangers. To brave death for glory belongs to the courage of men; to brave it for pleasure to the courage of women, and women, it must be acknowledged, are exceedingly courageous. I am,

Sir,

A hearty well-wisher to your work,

MODESTUS.

Bath, Feb. 18,
Upper Crescent.

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

MRS. WEST'S LETTERS.

The following Extract is from a Work, entitled "Letters to a young Lady," by Mrs. West. The high character of the Writer, and the importance of the subjects which she discusses, are sufficient apologies for the length of our Extract.

IT is a false and dangerous assertion, that single women at best pass their lives in a dull mediocrity, removed indeed from lively griefs, but unacquainted with real enjoyment. Spinsters may be daughters, sisters, aunts, and friends, though they are not wives and mothers. Every one's experience can supply instances, wherein as much warmth of attachment and solicitude of attention have accompanied the fraternal, as ever hallowed the conjugal tie. How many helpless orphans have found maternal tenderness supplied by the attachment of an aunt! How many parents have perceived the joyless portion of extreme old age turned into the downy pillow of repose, by the assiduous watchfulness of an unconnected daughter! Friendship, too, may reign in the heart of the single woman with unrivalled influence; and the absolute power that she possesses over her time and property gives an extensive range to her patriotic and charitable exertions. Ladies who are thus circumstanced are the properest patronesses of public undertakings; they are the natural *protectors* of the friendless, and the proprietors to those funds to which genius and indigence have a *right* to apply. Destitute of nearer ties, and unfettered by primary obligations, the whole world of benevolence affords a sphere for their actions, and the whole circle of science offers to adorn their minds. It seems, indeed, difficult to pourtray a more ne-

viable being, than a single woman possessed of affluence, who has passed through the tempest of youthful passions with untainted character, unvitiated temper, and unfettered heart.

But as we unquestionably were created to be the wedded mates of man, it is only in some circumstances, and to some dispositions, that I would recommend celibacy as a state of choice; though I am persuaded that a well disposed mind may always submit to it without considering it a misfortune. Extreme delicacy of health seems one motive for declining to enter the conjugal state; for, though passionate Love may promise that his purple torch shall *ever* burn beside the couch of the lovely sufferer, Hymen generally tells a very different story, and, carrying a flambeau to an evening party, vacates his seat in the sick lady's chamber in favour of her nurse and apothecary. It would, indeed, be imposing too much upon a benevolent and upright heart, to confine it by engagements where we are unable to discharge our part of the contract; for infirmity is a clog, not a help-mate. Hereditary diseases are another obstacle; and in some cases I think they ought to be an insurmountable one, comprising an extension of duty to many generations. Great susceptibility of temper is an objection less universally acknowledged, and which unfortunately predisposes the heart to enter upon a trial for which it has incapacited it. The precept, that in the married state women should never *expect* too much, nor feel too *keenly*, can never be too deeply impressed on the ardent mind of youth; and can they conform to this conclusion who cherish sensibility as a virtue, and, instead of studying the temper of others, suffer their own to acquire a fastidiousness, under the pretence of delicacy and refinement of feeling.

A disposition that can yield to the desires of others, not only without *apparent* reluctance, but without *enduring* pain; health, cheerfulness, activity, frugality, attention to family concerns, and a relish for common domestic pleasures, are the qualities which a young lady should endeavour to obtain who determines to become a wife. In a majority of instances, these will put happiness in her power; in all, they will lighten the load of misery. What a fashionable education can do toward the attainment of these requisites, has been already considered. The generality of English girls are educated, if not for a Turkish Haram, at least for the court of imperial France. Should they not be apprised, that the futility of the objects on which they are taught to lay a primary stress, is commonly annihilated the moment their end is achieved? When the wild elephant's neck is once fast in the noose, the pursuer has no further occasion for the fascinating influence of drums and bells. But constant attention, and command of temper, will still be necessary, or he will never bend to the yoke and draw kindly.

I believe young ladies are not *now* apt to fall violently in love at first sight. Except a few tender-hearted nymphs, who inhabit the wood-land glades, our sex is become too mercenary, and too dissipated, to feel an *irresistible penchant*, till they have obtained a side glance at the swain's rent-roll. Or, should the lying gossi Fame have cheated them in this particular, the extensive acquaintance furnishes them with a number of Adonises, who can assist them to break the fictitious chain which they mistook for gold; and thus like patterns at the dress-maker's, one beautiful figure effaces the impression that another had made. I shall not, therefore, here detain you with a long admonition against young ladies falling in love. The thing is *just* possible among a set whom nobody knows, and therefore nobody cares for their absurdities. It is, indeed, upon *record*, that formerly love made terrible work with the female heart, from fourteen to seventeen; and as it is still supposed, that during this period the soft and pliant wax might receive not only a deep but a lasting impression, fashion has copied the edifices in which it immures female adolescence, from the strong fortresses where the royal race of Abyssinia are secluded from the world. On reconsidering all the masquerade habits which the Gods of old assumed in their amours, I can only think of the two dignities in which Cupid could now gain admittance to a girl of fashion: he must either fold his wings into the stuffed jacket of a dancing-master, and twirl his bow and quiver into a kit; or dilate his tiny form into the magnitude of a drill-serjeant; as these are the only *privileged* beings who are still allowed an opportunity of whispering a tender tale into the credulous ear of youth.

When a young woman contracts an attachment for a deserving object, who seems not to return her preference, her situation is most dangerous and pitable. As the perverse (perhaps, in this instance, I should rather say independent) nature of man never appears more strongly, than in his determination to fly those who follow, and to follow those who fly; every enticement that a love-lorn lass holds out to catch the heart she wishes for, generally proves a *scarecrow* that terrifies the wayward animal; and as I do not want her to have art enough to cover her advances in the *attractive* disguise of disdain, she must avoid "the God of her idolatry," as the most likely prelude to self-contest. If circumstances will not permit her to do this without exciting suspicion that secret partiality is the mo-

tive, she must yet rouse all her mental strength and make an heroical effort for self-conquest; which will be her only alternative with a life of despair. Nature certainly intended that man should sue, and woman *coyly* yield. Few who have volunteered their affections ever became happy wives; we must never reckon on the stability of gratitude, when we put ourselves wholly in the power of the obliged party.

I have already stated, that it is needless to address polite readers on the absolute necessity of prudential considerations in marriage. But though the worship of Plutus seems to be the established religion of the age, there are a few dissenters still remaining, who fancy that this pure love will supply a good every-day dinner. This rash conclusion is, however, more the effect of ignorance, than of any real dereliction of principle; and proceeds from not knowing the *value* of money, and not from a Spartan *renunciation* of the comfort that it procures. For, if we examine the habits of these tender devotees, we shall find that their wants are too numerous even for competence; and that it is not penury, but affluence, which must supply what they call mere *necessary* expences. Suppose some lace-enveloped Lydia Languish, in the height of her paroxysm for poor Ensign Beverley, were compelled to assist the family-caterer in the routine of purchasing daily provisions. Let her investigate the demands of the tax-gatherer and coal-merchant, and even cast her eye over the items of soap, candles, and chandlery. She will discover a great many inelegant articles to which she never affixed either value or importance, that have operated as a constant drain upon the needful, and have really been so essential to her comfort, that she could scarcely exist without them. If she understand the rudiments of arithmetic, let her next employment be to subtract these essentials from the Ensign's pay, and then let her estimate how much will remain to be the *food* of love.

What are called very splendid alliances, are as little likely to produce comfort and content, as the imprudent connections that we have just considered. In the preceding remarks, I did not mean to interdict a connection which admits of the brightening prospects of successful industry, but was supposing a state in which industry could not act (and many who write gentlemen are in this painful and humiliating predicament). So with respect to disparity of fortune, I do not mean to estimate it by mere weight of metal, when other considerations are equal. The well-proportioned heiress *ought* to enrich the dependent younger brother; and the wealthy heir *should* select for his consort the unportioned daughter of a respectable family. It is my wish to warn young women from aiming at conquests on the score of their personal attractions, to which neither their birth, connections, education, nor situation entitle them to aspire. If the erratic pursuers of happiness would candidly state their discoveries, we should probably accede to the proposition, that every one is happiest in the state of life to which they have been accustomed. It is certainly sufficient to discourage this species of fair adventurers, that not one in an hundred succeeds in her efforts; but the prospect still becomes more disheartening, if we also discover that few of these fortunate candidates are *happy*. A young woman of humble connections and inferior accomplishments, who is engrafted into an honourable stock, will experience mortifications from the family to which she is allied, that can only be parried by effrontery or stupidity. She must continually feel the restraints and difficulties of her situation; she will sink under the fatigues of fashionable dissipation, and will find her mind fretted by fastidious refinements, of which the happy simplicity of inartificial manners can form no conception. She will also be conscious of improprieties, and omissions, which nothing but an early initiation into high life would have taught her to avoid; and even the glittering equipage, which so forcibly struck her youthful fancy, will seem but a painful conveyance, if it *pass* by the amusement that she could have *enjoyed*, and *set* her down at what she *detests*. In fine, she will discover that merit cannot successfully combat the minute scrutiny of envy, especially when its prying glances are sharpened by unexpected prosperity; and that luxurious enjoyments can sooner pall the taste, than mortifications render the heart callous. I have not taken into this view the more than probable accumulation of uneasiness which may wring the heart, at that period when the fond romantic lover changes into the cool, reflecting husband. Richardson's Pamela is as absurd in its colourings of high life, as in its portrait of the reformation of a libertine.

Let not a young woman, then, seek for conjugal happiness in a station of life that is very dissimilar to her own; or in her own rank, without a competent provision to maintain those decencies of appearance which are its *proper* appendages. If she possess delicacy of character (I should here use stronger terms,) if she value her own temporal or eternal interests, or that of the unborn, by the sacred names of mother and christian, let me require her to *shrink* from the advances of a known libertine; or, if she cannot avoid, let her steadily refuse his offers; they comprise such an accumulation of misery, as no pecuniary advantages can counterbalance. Let not youthful innocence sell itself to disease, impurity, and re-

morse; nor pledge her hand, where, though she must obey, she can neither love nor honour. All gross moral errors are in the same strong sense *insuperable* objections; and surely women never would knowingly venture on such partners, but from an expectation of their being able to *reclaim* them. Alas! how much does youthful vanity here over-rate female power! The stubborn clay of man is never pliant but in early life; the storms of contention and the pressure of business, give it an impenetrability which, however suited to the rude buffets that it is designed to endure, prevent its being made malleable by the soft strokes of feminine influence. Whatever itself "wills to do, seems," in its own estimation, "wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best." If we attempt to remodel the lords of the creation, we must begin before they have discarded that *emblem* of subjection, a petticoat.

I would advise a young woman never to select a man whom she discovers to be very deficient in the article of judgment; nor even if she have reason to form a high opinion of her own, and to believe that her future husband will always regard it with lover-like preference; a contingency which is extremely *improbable*. The original design of marriage (mutual help and assistance) is defeated, and an inversion in the relative situation of the sexes is always attended by a degree of ridicule and absurdity, which an ingenuous and delicate mind must strongly feel. Women, in this instance, seem a little treacherous to their own cause. I will not pretend to state how it happens to be so; much less will I justify the proceeding; but most unquestionably that very respectable (though, I fear, not numerous) body of men, the Jerrys, lead a life something like that of a flying fish, who, when they are hunted out of their own natural element, are pecked at by every petty wren that skims the air. We certainly ought to take these martyrs to our renown under our *protection*, and, by bringing them forward on all occasions as the only *true heroes*, show the refractory monsters who rebel against us, what they *ought* to be.

Long-deferred attachments, even when they are at last crowned with fruition, often produce little more than a happy honey-moon. The reason is, that romantic ideas take strong possession of the mind, while hope and fear alternately act upon so susceptible a passion as love. It is most certain, that difficulties and impediments rarely fail to *deepen* the impression which they are expected to eradicate; and when we feel dissatisfied with our present lot, we always dress up the unseen future in most false and flattering colours. A young woman firmly attached to a man, to whom she sees little chance of being united, instead of investigating those defects which might reconcile her to the probable separation, generally adorns her idol in the robe of perfection. His steady fidelity to her covers every other fault; his fond solicitations, or high-wrought pictures of the felicity they are prevented from enjoying, increases her enthusiasm; and she either believes that the sun would ever shine upon them, could their vows be once plighted, or that they should then live in a world of their own, insensible to the intervention of *external* miseries.

"*Scarce one reflects that to the torch of love*
"*Perhaps succeeds pale discord's sullen fire;*
"*Few image woes which parents only prove,*
"*When daughters sicken, or when sons expire.*"

To the sure consequences of this extravagant expectation, let us add, the effect which long deferred hope must have on the spirits and temper. Sometimes the prospect will be brightened with the view of a speedy conclusion; this will again disappear, and a final separation will seem inevitable. Jealousy will perhaps intervene; but whatever form the tormenting desire wears, disgust and indifference of the present will increase. No one more keenly feels the force of the scriptural aphorism, "that hope deferred maketh the heart sick," than she who surrenders her own to the heavy pressure of protracted love:

"*Thus on her present hour rude passion preys,*
"*Thus bright the prospect of her future days.*"

Can we picture worse bridemaids than broken spirits, irritable feelings, and sanguine expectations? or can we, viewing human nature as it really is, suppose it probable, that all external circumstances conjoining with the superlative excellence of the bridegroom, can prevent those wayward ladies from hurrying the bride into some extravagance, before "those shoes grow old" which carried her to the altar? Among many other reasons which render novels dangerous to young women, is this: that they always make a long attachment, which is not dissolved by death, terminate in a happy marriage, whose felicity is *proportionable* to the previous embarrassments.

Is it possible to love twice? is a common question. Certainly not, with all that enthusiasm of preference which attends a first attachment. But enthusiasm appears to be so doubtful a foundation whereon to raise the massy pile of lasting esteem, that I incline to think a second choice is more likely to be the result of judgment, and regulated by those just views which disappointment and experience mutually supply. Love, indeed, is painted *blind*, and so he generally is; but Hymen might be as properly exhibited looking through a microscope. A woman increases her chance of happiness by prevailing on these deities

to change their appendages thus: applying the microscope to the lover's character, and binding the bandage as close as possible over the faults of her husband. If after investigating the merits and defects of the man who addressed her, as narrowly as her situation will admit, she feels convinced that the latter will not diminish her decided preference for the former, I give her leave to accompany what I call the bequest of her heart with her hand. You see I have permitted Love to creep in at last; but with his wings so *pruned*, and his costume so deranged, that I question if any, excepting yourself, will feel much respect for a Cupid who is permitted to *look* about him, and forbidden to *fly* into the regions of Utopia.

But let our sex be as circumspect as possible, man, while he acts the part of a lover, wears a mask that we cannot wholly penetrate. Perhaps it is uncandid to call this insincerity. When we wish to please, we almost unconsciously assume an agreeable aspect; nor do we at that moment resolve to indemnify ourselves, by future indulgence, for the restraints that we are then putting upon our bad propensities; perhaps we are hardly conscious that we are acting a part foreign to our natural character. How then is a young woman to discover the feigning, which is so justly copied from nature as probably to deceive the actor? I would not advise her needlessly to try the temper of a favoured lover; the power of recrimination is so great in the other sex, that to do so, equals the folly of irritating a lion whose den we are going to enter. Let no unpleasant recollections of female tyranny interrupt the complacence of the bridegroom on attaining the object of his wishes. But I am again reverting to past manners. The new code of gallantry has deprived woman of the short empire which she once possessed, and compelled her to accommodate herself to the humours of him who pursues her with the provoking indifference of assured victory.

MEMOIRS OF RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

From the Memoirs of this celebrated Author, written by himself, we have deemed it incumbent upon us to make an Extract. It is his own account of the first performance of the admirable Comedy of the West Indian.

My acquaintance with Mr. Garrick had become intimacy between the acting of The Brothers and the acceptance of the West Indian. I resorted to him again and again with the manuscript of my comedy; I availed myself of his advice, of his remarks, and I was neither conscious of doing what was wrong in me to do, nor did any remonstrance ever reach me to apprise me of my error.

I was not indeed quite a novice to the theatre, but I was clearly innocent of knowing or believing myself bound by any rules or usage, that prevented me from offering my production to one or the other at my own free option. I went to Mr. Garrick; I found in him what my experience stood in need of, an admirable judge of stage effect; at his suggestion I added the preparatory scene in the house of Stockwell, before the arrival of Belcour, where his baggage is brought in, and the domestics of the Merchant are etting things in readiness for his coming. This insertion I made by his advice, and I punctually remember the very instant when he said to me in his chariot on our way to Hampton—"I want something more to be announced of your West Indian before you bring him on the stage, to give eclat to his entrance, and rouse the curiosity of the audience; that they may say—Aye, here he comes with all his colours flying—." When I asked how this was to be done, and who was to do it, he considered a while and then replied—"Why that is your look out, my friend, not mine; but if neither your merchant nor his clerk can do it, why, send in the servants, and let them talk about him. Never let me see a hero step upon the stage without his trumpets of one sort or other." Upon this conversation it was that I engrafted the scene above-mentioned, and this was in truth the only alteration of any consequence that the manuscript underwent in its passage to the stage.

After we came to Hampton, where that inimitable man was to be seen in his highest state of animation, we began to debate upon the cast of the play. Barry was extremely desirous to play the part of the Irish Major, and Garrick was very doubtful how to decide, for Moody was then an actor little known and at a low salary. I took no part in the question, for I was entitled to no opinion, but I remember Garrick, after long deliberation, gave his decree for Moody with considerable repugnance, qualifying his preference of the latter with reasons, that in no respect reflected on the merits of Mr. Barry—but he did not quite see him in the whole part of O'Flaherty;

there were certain points of humour, where he thought it likely he might fail, and in this case his failure, like his name, would be more conspicuous than Moody's. In short, Moody would take pains; it might make him, it might mar the other; so Moody had it, and succeeded to our utmost wishes. Mr. King, ever justly a favourite with the public, took the part of Belcour; and Mrs. Abingdon, with some few salvos on the score of condescension, played Charlotte Rusport, and though she would not allow it to be any thing but a sketch, yet she made a character of it by her inimitable acting.

The production of a new play was in those days an event of much greater attraction than from its frequency it is now become, so that the house was taken to the back rows of the front boxes for several nights in succession before that of its representation; yet in this interval I offered to give its produce to Garrick for a picture, that hung over his chimney-piece in Southampton-street, and was only a copy from a Holy Family of Andreo del Sarto: he would have closed with me upon the bargain, but that the picture had been a present to him from Lord Baltimore. My expectations did not run very high when I made this offer.

A rumour had gone about, that the character, which gave its title to the comedy, was satirical; of course the gentlemen, who came under that description, went down to the theatre in great strength, very naturally disposed to chastise the author for his malignity, and their phalanx was not a little formidable. Mrs. Cumberland and I sate with Mr. and Mrs. Garrick in their private box. When the prologue-speaker had gone the length of the four lines, the tumult was excessive, and the interruption held so long, that it seemed doubtful, if the prologue would be suffered to proceed. Garrick was much agitated; he observed to me that the appearance of the house, particularly in the pit, was more hostile than he had ever seen it. It so happened that I did not at the moment feel the danger, which he seemed to apprehend, and remarked to him, that the very first word, which discovered Belcour's character to be friendly, would turn the clamour for us; and so far I regarded the impetuosity of the audience as a symptom in our favour. Whilst this was passing between us, order was loudly issued for the prologue to begin again, and in the delivery of a few lines more than they had already heard, they seemed reconciled to wait the developement of a character, from which they were told to expect—

"Some emanations of a noble mind."

Their acquiescence, however, was not set off with much applause; it was a suspicious truce, a sullen kind of civility, that did not promise more favour than we could earn; but when the prologue came to touch upon the Major, and told his countrymen in the galleries, that

——"His heart can never trip—"

they, honest souls, who had hitherto been treated with little else but stage tricks and cuffs for their entertainment, sent up such a hearty crack, as plainly told us we had not indeed *little cherubs*, but lusty champions, *who sate up aloft*.

Of the subsequent success of this lucky comedy there is no occasion for me to speak; eight and twenty successive nights it went without the buttress of an afterpiece, which was not then the practice of attaching to a new play. Such was the good fortune of an author, who happened to strike upon a popular and taking plan; for certainly the moral of the West Indian is not quite unexceptionable, neither is the dialogue above the level of others of the same author, which have been much less favoured.—The snarlers snapped at it, but they never set their teeth in the right place; I don't think I am very vain when I say that I could have taught them better. Garrick was extremely kind, and threw his shield before me more than once, as the St. James's evening paper could have witnessed. My property in the piece was reserved for me with the greatest exactness; the charge of the house upon the author's nights was then only sixty pounds, and when Mr. Evans the Treasurer came to my house in Queen Ann-street, in a hackney coach, with a huge bag of money, he spread it all in gold upon my table, and seemed to contemplate it with a kind of ecstasy, that was extremely droll; and when I tendered him his customary fee, he peremptorily refused it; saying he had never paid an author so much before, I had fairly earnt it, and he would not lessen it a single shilling, not even his coach-hire; and in that humour he departed. He had no sooner left the room than one entered it, who was not quite so scrupulous, but quite as welcome; my beloved wife took twenty guineas from the heap, and instantly bestowed them on the faithful servant who had attended on our children; a tribute justly due to her unwearied diligence and exemplary conduct.

I sold the copy-right to Griffin, in Catherine-street, for 150*l*. and if he told the truth, when he boasted of having vended 12,000 copies, he did not make a bad bargain; and if he made a good one, which it is pretty clear he did, it is not quite so clear that he deserved it: he was a sorry fellow.

I paid respectful attention to all the floating criticisms that came within my reach, but I found no opportunities of profiting by their remarks, and very little cause to complain of their personalities; in short, I had more praise

than I merited, and less cavilling than I expected. One morning when I called upon Mr. Garrick, I found him with the St. James's evening paper in his hand, which he began to read with a voice and action of surprise, most admirably counterfeited, as if he had discovered a mine under my feet, and a train to blow me up to destruction—— "Here, here," he cried, "if your skin is less thick than a rhinoceros's hide, egad, here is that will cut you to the bone. This is a terrible fellow; I wonder who it can be."—He began to sing out his libel in a high declamatory tone, with a most comic countenance, and pausing at the end of the first sentence, which seemed to favour his contrivance for a little ingenious tormenting, when he found he had hooked me, he laid down the paper, and began to comment on the cruelty of newspapers, and moan over me with a deal of malicious fun and good humour.— "Confound these fellows, they spare nobody. I dare say this is Bickerstaff again; but you don't mind him; no, no, I see you don't mind him; a little galled, but not much hurt; you may stop his mouth with a golden gag, but we'll see how he goes on."—He then resumed his reading, cheering me all the way as it began to soften, till winding up in the most profest panegyric, of which he was himself the writer, I found my friend had had his joke, and I had enjoyed his praise, seasoned and set off, in his inimitable manner, which to be comprehended must have been seen.

It was the remark of Lord Lyttelton upon this comedy, when speaking of it to me one evening at Mrs. Montagu's, that had it not been for the incident of O'Flaherty's hiding himself behind the screen, when he overhears the lawyer's soliloquy, he should have pronounced it a faultless composition. This flattery his lordship surely added against the conviction of his better judgment, merely as a sweetener to qualify his criticism, and by so doing convinced me that he suspected me of being less amenable to fair correction than I really am and ever have been. But be this as it may, a criticism from Lord Lyttelton must always be worth recording, and this especially, as it not only applies to my comedy in particular, but is general to all.

"I consider *listening*," said he, "as a resource never to be allowed in any pure drama, nor ought any good author to make use of it." This position being laid down by authority so high, and audibly delivered, drew the attention of the company assembled for conversation, and all were silent. "It is, in fact," he added, "a violation of those rules which original authorities have established for the constitution of the comic drama." After all due acknowledgments for the favour of his remark, I replied that if I had trespassed against any rule laid down by classical authority in the case alluded to, I had done it inadvertently, for I really did not know where any such rule was to be found.

"What did Aristotle say?—Were there no rules laid down by him for comedy?" None that I knew; Aristotle referred to the Margites and Ilias Minor as models, but that was no rule, and the models being lost, we had neither precept nor example to instruct us. "Were there any precedents in the Greek or Roman drama, which could justify the measure?"—To this I replied that no precedent could justify the measure in my opinion, which his Lordship's better judgment had condemned; being possessed of that I should offend no more, but as my error was committed when I had no such advice to guide me, I did recollect that Aristophanes did not scruple to resort to listening, and drawing conclusions from what was overheard, when a man rambled and talked broken sentences in his bed asleep and dreaming; and as for the Roman stage, if any thing could apologise for the Major's screen, I conceived there were screens in plenty upon that, which formed separate streets and entrances, which concealed the actors from each other, and gave occasion to a great deal of listening and over-hearing in their comedy.

"But this occurs," said Lord Lyttelton, "from the construction of the scene, not from the contrivance and intent of the character, as in your case; and when such an expedient is resorted to by an officer, like your Major, it is discreditable and unbecoming of him as a man of honour." This was decisive, and I made no longer any struggle. What my predecessors in the drama, who had been dealers in screens, closets, and key-holes, for a century past, would have said to this doctrine of the noble critic, I don't pretend to guess: it would have made sad havoc with many of them, and cut deep into their property: as for me, I had so weak a cause, and so strong a majority against me, (for every lady in the room denounced listeners,) that all I could do was to insert, without loss of time, a few words of palliation into the Major's part, by making him say, upon resorting to his hiding place— *I'll step behind the screen and listen; a good soldier must sometimes fight in-ambush as well as in the open field.*

I now leave this criticism to the consideration of those ingenious men, who may in future cultivate the stage; I could name one now living, who has made such happy use of his screen in a comedy of the very first merit, that if Aristotle himself had written a whole chapter professedly against *screens*, and Jerry Collier had edited it with notes and illustrations, I would not have placed Lady Teazle out of ear-shot to have saved

their ears from the pillory: but if either of these worthies could have pointed out an expedient to have Joseph Surface off the stage, pending that scene, with any reasonable conformity to nature, they would have done more good to the drama than either of them have done harm; and that is saying a great deal.

There never have been any statute-laws for comedy; there never can be any: it is only referable to the unwritten law of the heart, and that is nature; now, though the natural child is illegitimate, the natural comedy is, according to my conception of it, what in other words we denominate the legitimate comedy. If it represents men and women as they are, it pictures nature; if it makes monsters, it goes out of nature. It has a right to command the aid of spectacles, as far as spectacles is properly incidental to it, but if it makes its serving-maid its mistress, it becomes a puppet-show, and its actors ought to speak through a comb behind the scenes, and never shew their foolish faces on the stage. If the author conceive himself at liberty to send his characters on and off the stage exactly as he pleases, and thrust them into gentlemen's houses and private chambers, as if they could walk into them as easily as they can walk through the side scenes, he does not know his business; if he gives you the interior of a man of fashion's family, and does not speak the language, or reflect the manners of a well-bred person, he undertakes to describe company he has never been admitted to, and is an impostor: if he cannot exhibit a distressed gentleman on the scene without a bailiff at his heels to arrest him, nor reform a dissipated lady without a spunging-house to read his lectures in, I am sorry for his dearth of fancy, and lament his want of taste: if he cannot get his Pegasus past Newgate, without restively stopping like a post-horse at the end of his stage, it is a pity he has taught him such unhandsome customs; if he permits the actor, whom he deputes to personate the rake of the day, to copy the dress, air, attitude, straddle, and outrageous indecorum of those caricatures in our print-shops, which keep no terms with nature, he courts the galleries at the expence of decency, and degrades himself, his actor, and the stage, to catch those plaudits that convey no fame, and do not elevate him one inch above the keeper of the beasts in the Tower, who puts his pole between the bars, to make the lion roar. In short, it is much better, more justifiable, and infinitely more charitable, to write nonsense, and set it to good music, than to write ribaldry, and impose it on good actors. But of this, more fully and explicitly hereafter, when committing myself and my works to the judgment of posterity, I shall take leave of my contemporaries, and with every parting wish for their posterity, shall bequeath to them honestly, and without reserve, all that my observation and long experience can suggest for their edification and advantage.

However, before I quite bid farewell to The West Indian, I must mention a criticism, which I picked up in Rotten-row, from Nugent, Lord Clare, not *ex cathedrâ*, but from the saddle on an easy trot. His Lordship was contented with the play in general, but he could not relish the five wives of O'Flaherty; they were four too many for an honest man, and the over-abundance of them hurt his Lordship's feelings: I thought I could not have a better criterion for the feelings of other people, and desired Moody to manage the matter as well as he could; he put in the qualifier of *en militaire*, and his five wives brought him into no further trouble; all but one were left-handed, and he had German practice for his plea. Upon the whole, I must take the world's word for the merit of The West Indian, and thankfully suppose, that what they best liked, was in fact best to be liked.

A little straw will serve to light a great fire, and after the acting of The West Indian, I would say, if the comparison was not too presumptuous, I was almost the *Master Betty* of the time; but as I dare say that young gentleman is even now too old and too wise to be spoilt by popularity, so was I then not quite boy enough to be tickled by it, and not quite fool enough to confide in it. In short, I took the same course then which he is taking now: as he keeps on acting part after part, so did I persist in writing play after play; and this, if I am not mistaken, is the surest course we either of us could take of running through our period of popularity, and of finding our true level at the conclusion of it.

MRS. BENNET'S "VICISSITUDES ABROAD."

The following Extract is from a Novel published last month, by Mrs. Bennet, the celebrated Authoress of the Beggar Girl, the Welsh Heiress, &c. &c. This Extract forms a part of the History of a Young Lady of great rank and expectations, who has been seduced from her family, and married by an adventurer who assumes the name of St. Herman. Our Readers are introduced into the middle of the story, but it will be found sufficiently intelligible and connected. After relating the circumstances of her marriage, the maledictions of her father, and her own compunctions, she proceeds as follows:

One morning after a week's absence, when I was preparing for my confinement, *St. Herman* entered my apartment in the utmost disorder, and insisted on my writing to my friends at *Paris*, to solicit a remittance.

This was a measure I declared the deepest misfortune should not force me to adopt.

He persisted to urge, declaring, without this resource, he was undone.

I doubted not his embarrassments; they were concomitant to his avocations; but sparing reproaches, which I had reasons enough to know would irritate without reforming, I merely hinted at the sentiments of the family.

How was I acquainted with them? Had I dared to correspond with them clandestinely, as I had with him?

So cruel a reproach dispensed with all delicacy: I mentioned *Julia's* letter.

He insisted on seeing it. I repented going so far, and wished to avoid further vexing an angry spirit; but in vain; he would read the letter himself.

When finished, he laid it down before me. He saw nothing to prevent my asking assistance for myself.

I firmly refused: but if indeed his affairs were so very desperate, the jewels——

"It is vain to deceive you, *Henrietta*," said he; "they are irretrievably gone; and unless I can raise a sum of money within this month, I must not appear but where only I shall meet better fortune. You may have a return before that period; therefore," putting the inkstand before me, "write!"

The scene that ensued beggars description. As I was not to be moved, my remonstrances provoked invectives. The mask dropped; it was not the anger and disappointment of a gentleman; it was the horrid expletives of a ruffian that assailed me. But that spirit which might have been subdued by tenderness, rose superior to brutality. He swore to leave me and my brat to starve, and flung out with this menace.

The tears of my son's nurse, whom I had retained after he was weaned, dropped on his face; while my eyes, though scorched with anguish, were dry.

Necessaries were wanting in my little family. With visible reluctance she asked me for money. My purse was empty.

When my husband's absence had continued several days, the good creature, having expended all her own little stock, asked what was to be done.

I had pondered over misery in almost all shapes; but actual poverty was so new, so unexpected an evil, that it not only left my mind without resource, but covered me with confusion. I clasped my boy in my arms—"Oh, my father!" I cried—"is the malediction already falling on the head of this innocent!"

St. Herman at that moment entered. His salutation was polite, but cold. He expressed some concern at my altered looks; and taking his son in his arms, almost smothered him with kisses. A mother only can conceive what I felt. We neither of us spoke.

He sent for our landlord, and in the insinuating way he well could assume, paid all arrears, with an apology for not doing it sooner; then, laying a pocket-book on the table before me, said it contained sufficient for every thing I could at present want.

He had still the child in his arms. The nurse waited with her eyes fixed on him, fearing, as she afterwards said, all this was a prelude to something very bad.

He soon after gave the child to her, and saying he would request some serious conversation with me after dinner, walked out.

I thought I perceived a smothered sigh; and, affected by his caresses of our child, I endeavoured to be collected against the serious conversation I was bid to expect.

After fortifying himself with more wine than he was in the habit of drinking at home, he asked if I were desirous of knowing his real history; and without waiting a reply, began.

"I am an Irishman by birth; my father is a man of some rank and fortune, to which I should

have been heir: but he has disinherited me, and perhaps he did right."

I gasped for breath. He proceeded.

"I found it necessary to leave my country, and change my name."

"Gracious God! *St. Herman* then——"

"Is not my real name."

My soul was in tumults. "Monster!" I cried in a voice half choked with astonishment and indignation, "then I am not a wife, and my child is——"

"As you please yourself to consider it," he answered with a still unmoved countenance.—"You remember we were twice married. You are so much a child of nature yourself, that it would not be easy to make you comprehend how it could be managed without your participation; but this, *note down for your own and your son's sake; there are a register and certificate, that, when necessary, will prove our marriage in my legal name.*"

Never was astonishment equal to mine; well might he triumph over my childish inexperience. I knew not so much as the church where the ceremony was performed. I now recollected he had on some pretence, kept the blinds of the carriage drawn up, and that we rode a long way; but it was in vain that I implored and abjured him to put it in my own immediate power to prove the legitimacy of his son. He sternly bade me not interrupt him; and while I sat drowned in tears, and suffocated with resentment, proceeded——

"I repaired to Paris. There are two ways before a man who enters life—perseverance in what they call virtue, which is troublesome—and plunging into pleasure, which is agreeable. I chose the latter."

"Ah, my poor husband!" I exclaimed. He regarded me not.

"The women spoiled me; and I was fortunate at the gaming-table. The scoundrel *Du B.* drained his sister-in-law for the benefit of a set of us, among whom, in spite of ill fortune, he would assort. My plan was a deeper one than simply to win his money. I challenged a fellow who affronted him, and who I knew would not fight, and he introduced me to the favourite as his relation. I happened to possess *agrémens* rather more creditable than the Countess had usually found in her husband's family.

"She patronized and procured me a commission in the *Guarde du Corps*; but I had enemies, whose impertinent whispers threatened to make certain discoveries. I was besides deeply in debt. My good fortune at the gaming-table forsook me: and I was on the point of marrying old *Madame Burzet*, and her half a million, when I was struck with the project of returning to my own country, in possession of the large fortune there was little doubt of *your* inheriting on a petition to the English Government, backed by the interest of my quondam cousin; and this I learned from two Scotch Noblemen, one of whom seemed *struck too*, who said there was not a doubt but, though your father could not prevail for himself, if his heiress had interest, the estates would be restored to her. My cousin, who I am afraid grew a little tired of her relation, preferred this project to that of old *Burzet*. She furnished the needful, and here we are."

Every sentiment of tenderness and esteem thus outraged, you will not wonder that I sat petrified. He drank a bumper of wine, and went on.

"I brought credentials that would have given me, with such claims, any other forfeited estates in the kingdom; but although it would have been a foolish business to object asking what your father was *refused* for himself, and would not resign to me, I suspected you would be *that fool*; it was therefore wise to prevent your exposing yourself. There is a stubborn, selfish fellow, your father's brother, whom the English Ministers like; but my cousin dare not give me up—so the estate will be mine, or rather perhaps your's."

"Ah, my dear father!" I exclaimed.

"He deserves nothing from me," said he, with a provoking *nonchalance*.

"From thee!" cried I with agony.

"Don't be in heroics, child," he continued. "I have very little more to say; I have given you the worst of myself, to save your friends a great deal of trouble. You are a good sort of quiet little body, too good for *me*; and there may be those who think me a fine handsome fellow, too good for *you*. I shall take all the care of you I can, till you have your estate, when, as it is but right, I shall take care of myself. It has been a cursed long while about; but my agent is so sure of success, that instead of asking for money, as usual, from me, he is anxious to be my banker; and as this," laying his hand on the pocket-book, "is partly your own, I heartily wish you joy."

It would be in vain, were I to attempt an exact description of St. Herman's manner through the whole of this long torture of my feelings and patience. He proposed remaining with me; but as I peremptorily declined occupying the same apartment, he sent for a coach, and again departed.

The moment he was gone my high spirit evaporated. I was seized with successive faintings, and continued several days in the most dangerous state of nervous debility; nor can I to this moment account for that renovated strength that at last restored me to a comparative degree of health.

St. Herman's interest in my heart certainly de-

creased with my respect for his character. There was no softening his horrid history, even though, as he said, it might be "the worst of him." To me he had been an entire falsehood, one deception following another, for purposes that all his barbarous story could not develope.

[We shall here omit some particulars of the narrative of inferior moment, and pass on to the action of the story.—Henrietta had now retired into the country.]

We had not been in the country eight days before the papers were filled with rumours of the dangerous indisposition of the King of France.

My anxiety encreased. I dispatched nurse for intelligence, who returned terribly disconcerted, at so late an hour, as alarmed me for her safety.

St. Herman had been at our lodging late the night before. He had brought a man and woman and two coaches with him. His companions waited in the hall. He did not enquire for me, but his object was the Paris trunks; and he raved, the cook said, like a madman, when he did not see them in the usual place. After opening all the drawers, and taking several things out, he went away, imprecating me, the nurse (who he found moved the trunks), and all mankind.

The next morning an execution was put in the lodgings, and bailiffs so beset the house, that, afraid of bringing me into danger, she had walked from street to street two hours to avoid being watched.

"Alas! poor St. Herman!" I exclaimed; "the King is dead, and all is over."

"Yes, Madam," replied nurse, "the King *is* dead; not our English King, God be thanked! For my part I never loved the French; and indeed, I believe, if the truth was known, my master is no better than a French bite himself, and I can't think how any Christian can pity—Oh, God!" she shrieked, "there he is!—we shall be murdered!"

It was indeed his voice, too well known to be mistaken; and had I not perceived he was intoxicated, my heart would at that moment have been open to his distress.

"I wish," whispered I, "you had left the trunks."

"God be praised, I did not," returned she in the same tone; "they will stop a gap."

His voice became more loud; his wife was in the house, he would not be denied entrance.

The gardener with his man resolutely opposed him. I now distinguished another voice, insisting, in broken English, that Monsieur's lady certainly occupied part of that house.

The gardener denied.

"Let me search," cried St. Herman.

The landlord called for his gun.—An Englishman's house was his castle, and the law his guard; if the intruders searched his house, it must be with a civil officer by day-light; and if they did not immediately retire, he would send for a constable.

St. Herman was outrageous; but his companion advised a retreat. He spoke low and in French. I could not hear all, but understood they were apprehensive of some pursuit. They soon drove off, and all was again quiet.

The gardener then came up. I found nurse had forearmed him. He apologized for taking the liberty; "but the gentleman himself was so much in liquor, and, begging my pardon, his companion so ill looking—"

In that moment a single low rap renewed our alarm. The gardener encouraged us. He had not reached the door, before it was entered, by first one man, then another. They were sheriff's officers, in pursuit of St. Herman.

Notwithstanding nurse's repeated assurance that she would tell at once, and glad if her master had been there, they were not satisfied till the house was searched, after which they civilly left us.

To expect repose after the occurrences of this evening was vain. Spite of my injuries, spite of the contempt which the duplicity of my husband's character inspired, my heart bled for the unfortunate St. Herman; and I felt the most poignant regret, when I considered that the provident care of my servant, in removing the trunks, had probably deprived him of the means to escape, not only confinement, but what I knew him well enough to feel, would be a still more bitter affliction, *contempt*, from those with whom he had no longer power to associate; and insult, from many who had been slaves to his pride, and hangers on his purse.

[We must here likewise, for the sake of our limits, hasten over some particulars, and proceed to a scene which is wrought up with great animation.]

It was the season of the hay-harvest. The sun was setting, and the cheerful labourers had just quitted the field. A few, very few steps were enough to fatigue me. I sat down on the hay, while my delighted child bounded round me, and hunted for the few flowers the scythe had spared.

The still serenity of the evening, the dead silence, only broken by distant voices floating on the passing breeze, no moving object near, soothed by degrees the restless anxiety of my soul into a quiet and hopeless resignation; I felt as if in this peaceful spot I could lay down an existence, insupportable to myself, and of value to no earthly being, save the playful infant, who was indeed all that bound me to the earth. It was long since any coincidence of circumstance had brought

to my recollection the happy harvest evenings and beautiful vintage of Lorraine, where Julia and Henrietta were the arbiters of merit, dispensed rewards, and led the dance; remembrance too of my dear father, with a thousand recollected instances of his paternal indulgence, had scarce succeeded before his malediction filled me, as it always did, with terror; the sweet tear that accompanied the memory of dear Lorraine, suddenly changed into drops of scalding anguish. I clasped my hands together.—" Oh, my best of fathers!" cried I, " deprived of inheritance, an exile from thy native land, reduced to dependance, nothing left to console the widowed heart but one beloved child; was it for her, for thine only child, Oh, unhappy Dunbar!—"

A movement near, a sort of indistinct sound, half-sigh and half groan, alarmed me—I hastily arose. A figure, whose air and character of countenance thrilled every sense, seemed moving to avoid my earnest gaze. I followed; but had not proceeded many steps before I shrieked— " My father! Oh, my father!" and fell senseless to the ground.

Merciful God! what were my sensations when I recovered, and returning sight could discern only " darkness visible;" I listened, but heard only the slow lavings of the river. No star lighted the firmament, no human being was near.

I attempted in vain to rise. A shower had fallen; my clothes were wet; my limbs were stiffened, I was unable to move.

It was only by slow degrees I became collected. I remembered coming to this fatal spot. My father's image was still present: but, Oh, Almighty God! my boy, my beautiful boy, my innocent cherub, whose auburn curls floating in the air, whose blue eyes darted the pleasing sensation that animated his agile boundings, were my last recollections, what, Oh! what had become of him? What time can eradicate the misery of that hour from my memory!

Frightful were the figures that now crowded on my brain. I had seen, and no effort of reason, no argument of religion or philosophy with which the idea has since been combated, admitted the smallest doubt, I had seen my father, living or dead I had seen him, and my child was no longer near me.

I rent the air with cries so loud, so piercing and deep, as, reverberating by the echo, frightened myself.

My brain was on fire; I had just recollection enough to deprecate my father's malediction in the hereafter.—*Here* my desolation was complete!

Again I made an effort to rise, and again my shrieks resounded through the air. Lights glaring through the foliage, and a confused sound of approaching voices, stopped my breath. Life hovered betwixt a faint ray of hope and deep, deep inexpressible despair.

I heard my faithful nurse in loud lamentations —I heard my name repeated; but, Oh misery, misery! I neither heard nor saw my son!

Wild and incoherent were my demands for my child, and no less so were the replies of his foster mother: she instantly concluded what had hitherto escaped me, that he was drowned, and running to the bank, plunged into the river. Providentially the tide was low, and I had not her loss to add to my other calamities.

My mind was a chaos. I would not be removed. My son, my son, was the sole object for which I wished to exist. I implored the aid of Heaven and earth; offered rewards, Heaven knows, above my power; called for the commiseration of all who had borne a child, and so interested the bye-standers that the labouring part of the bye-standers were drawn together, torches procured, every part of that and the adjoining meadows searched, and boatmen engaged to drag the river; but day broke on their unsuccessful zeal; and pains, which, while there was a ray of hope I had a resolution to conceal, now encreasing, I submitted to be carried home, and a second time became mother of a living infant; but in my weak and supposed dying state, my soul hanging on my lost boy, she excited no interest in me. If I was prevailed on to swallow nourishment, the motive was to regain strength to search the world for my son. If I submitted to medical prescriptions, still it was not life, but my child that was my object.

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

AN ENGLISH ENTERTAINMENT.

FRAGMENT OF AN UNPUBLISHED TOUR IN ENGLAND, IN 1804, BY PICTET, OF GENEVA.

———— At first a large circle in which are exchanged a few words, extremely insignificant when the matter is neither fair nor foul. Then comes the entertainment, at which, when the appetite is satisfied (and every one knows how limited the faculty is) all the delicacies that luxury has accumulated become perfectly indifferent; and the conversation, which generally turns

upon these dainty dishes, is consequently destitute of every kind of interest. At the third period, the ladies retire into the drawing-room, and the gentlemen seat themselves round a highly polished mahogany table, on which is placed before the master of the house a battery of decanters full of different sorts of dessert wines. These he circulates one after the other, from hand to hand, among the guests, from right to left, for an indefinite time. I felt neither the disposition nor the ability to sit it out; and after patiently drinking for two hours, without having the least inclination to drink, a species of *question* to which, if I am not mistaken, persons accused of any very atrocious crime were formerly subjected, I availed myself of the privilege of being a foreigner, supposed to be ignorant of their manners, to steal away into the drawing-room. Alas! I only escaped from Charybdis to Scylla. Here the circle of ladies was at the freezing point; and had it not been for the slight noise and motion occasioned by a few cups of tea which were handed around, I should have imagined myself alone, at the Curtius's exhibition of wax-work figures which I had formerly seen at Paris. The mistress of the house in vain made several meritorious efforts to set on foot some general conversation. At length about eleven o'clock the gentlemen again made their appearance: they took coffee and tea; the carriages drew up and they departed, not without making an engagement to meet again in the course of the week at the house of some one of the guests, who of course prepared an entertainment equally agreeable.

"And it is thus that you live in society in this country!" said I, with mortification to my excellent hosts, when the company had retired; "it is thus you employ your time, your fortune, your faculties physical and moral, in communicating reciprocal languor for the benefit only of the wine merchant, the butcher, the poulterer, and so forth!" "Alas!" replied they, "thus is society organized amongst us. We frequently experience the sentiment with which you appear to be so deeply impressed; many rational people would gladly change this mode of living; but no one is bold enough to fasten the bell; they would be accused of interested motives by a class of fashionables of whom they stand in awe. We are therefore obliged to pay the social tax as well as many others, and to think ourselves fortunate when we can come off, as to-day, with only five or six hours murdered."

DESCRIPTION OF PHILADELPHIA,

Its Public Buildings, Books, Library, Theatre, Hospital, Poor-House, Society, Manners, Costume and Amusements of its Inhabitants; from unpublished Travels in the Two Louisianas. This Extract has been expressly sent by the Author to the Proprietor of this Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, in every point of view, deserves the title of the first city of the United States. It is built on the right bank of the Delaware, from which, according to the plan of its founder, it was to have extended to the Schulkyll, a smaller stream, the distance at this place not exceeding two miles. But the inestimable advantages of proximity to a river navigable at almost every season of the year, induced the people to keep near to it, and to build in a different direction. The rich, and persons who have retired from business, alone inhabit the upper part of the city; consequently, instead of forming a perfect square on every side, it extends three miles along the Delaware, and not more than three quarters of a mile towards the Schulkyll. According to the water-works, which in Mr. Penn's plan were to have been placed in the centre of the city, in order to distribute water to all its parts, are still at a great distance from its western extremity. The building which contains them is of elegant architecture, and is a pleasing termination to the superb Market-street, in front of which it is erected. This street, fifty feet wide, exclusive of the pavement, which occupies ten more on either side, is indisputably of the finest in the world. The markets from which it has derived its name are 120 fathoms in length; they are built with elegance, and are superior to any thing of the kind that I have seen in Europe. They are daily provided with all that the appetite of the epicure, or the valetudinarian, can desire, and it is difficult to form a conception of the regularity and cleanliness which prevail in them. I should not insist so much on cleanliness, were it not, in a populous city, so intimately connected with the health and comforts of the inhabitants.

Market-street, which divides the city from east to west, has caused the parts thus separated to be called the North Quarter and the South Quarter. All the streets that intersect it in a direction parallel to the course of the Delaware, are denominated first, second, third, &c. of the south or of the north. They are all parallel, regularly laid out in right lines, and provided with good

pavements. The brick houses are in general embellished with a plinth of fine white stone, which the Americans call marble, but the grain of which is too coarse to deserve that appellation. The external cleanliness of the houses is a farther addition to their beauty. The Saturday is regularly devoted to the scouring of them from top to bottom, as well as the pavements and the steps, which are cleaned with as much care as the interior of our apartments.

The population of Philadelphia comprises about seventy thousand souls, of every religious sect and profession. It is my opinion that there is not a religious persuasion in Europe but what has its church or meeting here. These numerous places of worship, most of which are capacious and elegant, contribute not a little to the embellishment of the city. In some streets you may count six of them, which are well attended on the days set apart for divine service. The people, it is true, are not obliged, as with us, to hear the word of God in an uneasy posture, by which they cannot fail to be soon fatigued. In all of them there are benches kept perfectly clean, and on this account the most capacious churches can scarcely contain eleven or twelve hundred persons.

The palace formerly inhabited by the President, the Hall of Congress, the banks of Pennsylvania and of the United States, the hospital, the poor-house, the library, the theatre, and the museum, are all structures which either for their beauty, or the utility of their construction, are deserving of the attention and curiosity of travellers.

I shall not enlarge on the two first which since the translation of Congress to the Federal City have been sold at a cheap rate, and are now an academy. All that can be said of them is, that being erected for a temporary purpose, they were worthy, the former of the great man by whom it was inhabited, and the latter of the majesty of that assembly for whom it was intended.

In the front of the public library is a statue of Dr. Franklin, to whom it seems to be peculiarly dedicated. No person can be ignorant of the obligations which natural philosophy owes to him, and America will never forget the part he took in effecting her independence. The library contains from thirty to thirty-two thousand volumes, most of which are selected with judgment and preserved with care. A provision is made for its maintenance and augmentation by means of an annual subscription of such of the inhabitants as are lovers of literature, or are desirous of contributing to its progress. Each subscriber may take away any books that he has occasion for, upon promising to be answerable for the same. The surplus of the subscriptions, after defraying the current expences, is applied to the purchase of such books as the directors may think necessary to the promotion of the arts and sciences.

The Bank of Pennsylvania, the first institution of the kind in this part of the world, would be a splendid edifice, if it were less crowded. That of the United States, which has been recently erected, may be considered as the most beautiful structure in Philadelphia. These two banks are still more remarkable for the credit they enjoy than for the beauty of the edifices which contain them. Their bills from five to five hundred dollars are accepted in business preferably to money throughout almost the whole extended territory of the United States.

The arsenal, begun during the presidency of Mr. Adams, on occasion of the war with which this country was threatened by France, has been totally neglected by his successor. At some future period his fellow-citizens or posterity will probably reproach him for his economy. However secure of peace a state may be, it ought still to be on its guard; none are safe from the ambitious activity of a turbulent neighbour, or the destroying genius of men born for the calamity of the nations to which they belong. The arsenal, situated at no great distance from the skirts of the city, displays a grand and well-conceived design; the architecture is elegant; and on surveying the portion that has been finished, the spectator cannot forbear regretting that this superb edifice should have been abandoned almost before it was begun.

The theatre is large, well built, and the interior embellishments are pleasing; but, like all the fine arts, comedy is in its infancy here. The plays which are acted are of English production; America has not yet given birth to a performance of that description. The actors, some of whom were formed on the English stage, cannot divest themselves of a phlegmatic character and the uniform equality, above which they scarcely rise. The Americans prefer tragedy to comedy, in which they do not appear to take real delight, unless it presents a contrast to their own character in the extravagant levity, the ridiculous foppery, and excessive impertinence of a loquacious French *petit-maître*.

In the interior of the play-house neither order nor decorum are attended to. The noise of people coming in or going out is continually disturbing the attention of the spectator, who, notwithstanding the prohibitions expressed in the advertisements, has frequently much to endure from the abominable smell of segars, which are continually smoaked there. The men keep their hats on, and in this manner plant themselves before the ladies; very rarely indeed are they sufficiently gallant to offer them their places. Every

thing demonstrates that democracy and politeness are seldom found in each other's company.

The hospital is a splendid building, distinguished for careful attendance and cleanliness, where the patients of both sexes are waited on by women, and visited daily by physicians reputed the most skilful in Pennsylvania. The beds, to the number of 120, are divided into several wards set apart for different diseases. They are kept continually aired, and are only warmed to such a degree as to prevent the patients suffering from the cold. The Council-hall, and that for surgical operations, are exceedingly beautiful. The library is furnished with all the works that can be interesting to health, and no pains are spared for its embellishment.

After visiting all the apartments of the patients, and others destined to contribute to their comfort and relief, I was conducted to the subterraneous corridors, where the unhappy wretches who labour under mental derangement are confined. It is particularly on account of the treatment which these unfortunate persons experience, that this institution deserves to be admired. Placed separately in small clean chambers, and attended with as much care as their situation will permit, they are deprived only of that portion of liberty which might prove detrimental to society. Through these chambers, 80 in number, pass flues which keep up a degree of heat always equal. Their food is good, and though they are always at liberty to ask, they obtain what they want without difficulty. Struck with the great number of unfortunate creatures contained in this dreary abode, I inquired of the physicians to this institution, who accompanied me, to what cause could be ascribed the great disproportion which I conceived to exist between the vast number of individuals afflicted with this dreadful malady, and the comparatively few who appear to labour under it in Europe. He acknowledged, without hesitation, that it originated in the abuse of spirituous liquors, in which the inhabitants of this continent indulged. From the remarks made by his predecessors, and confirmed by his own experience, it was certain that half the number owed the loss of their reason to excessive drinking. Out of the other half the malady of one third might be ascribed to love or jealousy; that of another third to religious fanaticism; and the derangement of the remainder proceeded from different maladies, and had no particular cause.

The revenues of the hospital are daily increasing by the benefactions of individuals and the improvement of the lands belonging to it. They are managed by respectable citizens, who are appointed annually by the state of Pennsylvania. The physicians and surgeons are likewise nominated by the state, and exercise their functions gratuitously for one year, and sometimes for two.

The same humanity which provides for the sick, watches likewise over that wretched class whom misfortunes, accidents old age, and even vice, have incapacitated for procuring a subsistence. All these live retired from society, in the poor-house, where they are employed in the simplest occupations, and are decently clothed and fed. There is a hall for the incurables; to these belong the old men, the maimed, the blind, and all those who are afflicted with any of the maladies which conduct men by slow steps to certain death. There are halls of the same kind for the female sex; the men's side being separated from that which contains the women.

The employment of those who are able to work, consists for the most part in unravelling the old junk, in washing and cleansing it from the tar, to render it serviceable again. The women card or spin cotton or wool; tailors, shoemakers, weavers, too infirm to earn a livelihood in the world, here work at their trades when their health permits: in a word, every thing is regulated in such a manner, that no person who is able to work can remain idle. It nevertheless appears that the produce of their labours does not exceed one fourth of the expenditure, either on account of the small number of persons who are employed, or the little real advantage which results from their industry. The revenues of this house, like those of the hospital, are under the management of respectable inhabitants, appointed annually by the assembly of the state of Pennsylvania. No person dares to refuse this honourable office, or to treat its duties with indifference and neglect.

The yellow fever has committed greater ravages at Philadelphia than in any other city of the United States. In 1793, it broke out in such a dreadful manner, that upwards of fifteen thousand persons were attacked by it, and of that number more thon one half perished. It again appeared in 1798 and 1799, but with less alarming symptoms, though it swept off great numbers of the inhabitants. Since that period, government has adopted the most judicious regulations for preserving the salubrity of the air. It has likewise taken all the precautions that prudence can suggest, for cutting off communication with infected places; but notwithstanding its care, it could not prevent the re-appearance of this scourge in 1802, with symptons of malignity which cost the lives of a great number of persons.

In respect to the society and manners of the people of Philadelphia, something remains to be said :—

Philadelphia is universally accused of possessing less hospitality than any other city in the United States; and it may be allowed to deserve this reproach. The excuse of the inhabitants is, the great concourse there is always here of strangers, who would too greatly occupy the time of their hosts, if too much encouragement were given to visits. The true reason is, the incessant attention that is paid in Philadelphia, more than in any other part of the world, to the accumulation of wealth; which passion is not diminished even by the possession of the greatest fortune. To mend his circumstances is the predominant idea of every man in this country. This mercantile notion, of necessity, confines within himself the man whom it influences, and gives him no time nor taste for the pleasures of society. What is justly called *society* does not exist in this country. The vanity of wealth is common enough. The rich man loves to shew the stranger his splendid furniture, his fine English glass, and exquisite china. But when the stranger has once viewed the parade in a ceremonious dinner, he is dismissed for some other new comer, wko has not yet seen the magnificence of the house, nor tasted the old Madeira that has been twice or thrice to the East Indies. And then a new face is always more welcome than an old one, to him who has nothing to say to either.

The real state of society at Philadelphia is included in invitations to great dinners, and tea, to all who arrive from Europe—English, French, inhabitants of every country, men of every class, and of every kind of character, philosophers, priests, literati, princes, dentists, wits, and ideots; but the next day the idolized stranger is not known in the street, except he be wealthy, especially in money; when, indeed, the politeness of the citizens of Philadelphia continues to exist as long as the stranger can purchase estates, and even beyond that term; for the homage paid to wealth is a worship in which all sects unite.

To the ordinary defects of society in Philadelphia, is to be added the intemperance of politics. The English influence prevails in the first circles, and prevails with great intolerance.

Persons of wealth here, who caressed the agents of Robespierre, when that monster extirpated all the wealth his power could reach, are the avowed enemies of France, now that her government inclines to mildness and humanity. It is not denied that the American commerce has suffered greatly from French privateers; and we cannot therefore be surprized, either at the ill-humour of the merchants of Philadelphia, or their mode of expressing it.

Having given this sketch of the temper of the people of Philadelphia, I am compelled to say, however correct it may be, that many families are to be found who form exceptions, and are neither tainted with the general views of this place, nor inflamed with the present spirit of party. What I have said is without ill-will. I have no personal complaint to make. But I speak without reserve: for why should I write, if it were not to communicate truth?

Notwithstanding the defective state of society in Philadelphia, this city is perhaps the most agreeable of the United States for a foreigner. The residence of the members of Congress will enable him to gather information on the different parts of this interesting country; and, in fact, to travel through its different states with great advantage to his enquiries. Although in Philadelphia, as throughout America, no one is sufficiently free from employment to give himself wholly to letters or the sciences, this city contains, more than any other, persons who cultivate them, and whose society is extremely interesting, when these subjects are discussed.—There is a philosophical society here, and a large and valuable library.

The profusion and luxury of Philadelphia, on great days, at the tables of the wealthy, in their equipages, and the dresses of their wives and daughters, are, as I have observed, extreme. I have seen balls on the President's birth-daywhere the splendour of the rooms, and the variety and richness of the dresses, did not suffer in comparison with Europe; and it must be acknowledged, that the beauty of the American ladies has the advantage in the comparison. The young women of Philadelphia are accomplished in different degrees, but beauty is general with them. They want the ease and fashion of English women; but the brilliancy of their complexion is infinitely superior. Even when they grow old, they are still handsome; and it would be no exaggeration to say, in the numerous assemblies of Philadelphia, it is impossible to meet with what is called a plain woman. As to the young men they for the most part seem to belong to another species.

Wealth makes all the distinction of classes in Philadelphia. The great merchants, and the lawyers who are at the head of their profession, hold the firt rank. Different classes very rarely mingle together. The Quakers live among themselves, and in a retired manner. But gay colours please the young Quaker-ladies; and are indeed great enemies of the sect. The toilette is the subject of much uneasiness to the old people, whether prohibited or tolerated by them. But whether prohibited or not, the young and handsome Quaker-girls will sacrifice to the toilette, and call themselves *Half-quakers*; and, it must be confessed, that they are the greatest favourites with our sex. The young men among the Quakers,

who would make themselve agreeable to the *female deserters*, powder and shape their dress accordingly; and the sect is contiually loosing some of those that should be its pillars, by the effect of a ribband or gown.

Profusion is not confined to the higher ranks. It spreads among the servants; and even reaches to the negroes. Both one and the other give their balls, which are destitute of the charming simplicity of the fêtes of our country. Variety of refreshments, good suppers, and fine dresses, distinguish them. A female negro servant, whose wages are one dollar per week, will, at these balls, have a dress that costs sixty dollars. They never go but in coaches to these balls, which are very frequent. On Sundays the public-houses in the environs of the city are crowded with labourers and little shop-keepers, who frequently come in a chair, with their whole family, and will expend from three to four dollars for the day's entertainment. It is not to hoard that the Americans are rapacious; their improvidence has still all the character of colonists.

There is a theatre at Philadelphia, in despite of the many and vehement petitions presented againt it by the Quakers and Dissenting ministers. It is generally crowded; not that the actors are good, but it is a place where people can assemble and exhibit themselves. There are from twenty to twenty-five stage-coaches, that either go from or arrive at Philadelphia every day. They are mean and incommodious carriages; but are light, and travel very quickly. The horses are good in Pennsylvania; and there are sets belonging to some of the stage-coaches, that are not surpassed by any in Europe.

The inhabitants of Philadelphia, like those of the whole State of Pennsylvania, are a mixture of all the nations of Europe. The English are in the greatest number. The counties of Pennsylvania, beyond the Susquehannah, and at a greater distance from Philadelphia than the rest, are little influenced by the political opinions of the capital, which, as I have said, are in favour of England.

DESCRIPTION OF A SUNDAY AT PARIS.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman at Paris.

"I PROMISED you long since, my friend, to send an exact account, as far as my knowledge extended, of the customs and manners of the inhabitants of this celebrated city; as it would require more time than I can spare, to treat at once of every peculiarity belonging to the French nation, I will begin by writing a short description of the manner in which the Sabbath is spent at Paris. You think, perhaps, that I confine myself to very circumscribed limits, but I assure you, you are much mistaken; you judge from custom, and imagine that the decent manner in which the Sunday is kept at London, would afford but very small grounds of description; learn then, that the Sabbath, that day of holy meditations, serious thoughts, and religious duties, so severe in its appearance, so full of silent grandeur, and awful stillness, in the English metropolis, wears at Paris, the garb of pleasure, and the smile of worldly joy.

Hardly have the bells announced the wished-for dawn of that day of festivity, than the gay votaries of amusement, which compose the largest part of the community, instead of assuming the serious look and dignified appearance of our good countrymen, put on the robes of vanity, and exhaust all the treasures of fashion to deck their persons, and celebrate with more *decency* (according to the acceptation of the word), the Sabbath of the Lord.

What will appear singular to you is, that they do not entirely neglect religious duties, though more devoted to pleasure than the service of God. The church, it is true, for the gay and fashionable, is a place where they may display the elegance of their dress, and the graces of their figures; where they may draw upon them the timid looks of beauty and innocence, who, still ignorant of the ways of the world, come with devotion in their hearts to the sacred house of prayer. There you see the distinguished females of the day dressed in the most sumptuous manner, more suited to the play-house than the church, presenting, with the smile of persuasion on their countenances, a purse half filled by their own generosity; there you hear these soft accents, "*for the wants of the church*," pronounced with such an interesting expression, that yielding to the charms of beauty, more heightened by the beneficent motives for which they are unveiled, even the miser's heart is warmed into generosity; and a profusion of gold fills the purse of the seducing *Queteuse*. That office was undertaken almost every Sunday at St. Roch, by the beauty of the age, the celebrated Madame Recamier; and that church was then overflowing with the choicest company, and the collection more than doubled that of any other cathedral.

Divine service is over at one o'clock, and

then pleasure alone sways every heart, and fills the city with amusement and joy. Public gardens, such as the Thuilleries, and les Champs Elysées, are crouded with beaux and belles, who strive by their elegance, gaiety, and smiling countenances, to attract the admiration of those who, not having the faculty of equalling their pomp, follow afar off the steps of fashion, imitating, as much as lies within their power, what they envy in their hearts. The Thuilleries, on a Sunday, present a most brilliant prospect, not only of statues, the chef-d'œuvres of art, of flowers and trees, adorned by the bountiful hand of nature with the most lively colours, but of the noblest works of creation, arrayed by the hand of taste in the light airy robes of simplicity, walking in the bloom of youth, and breathing joy, rapture, and delight. In summer, an alley composed of orange trees, is the favourite walk; on both sides there are marble seats, where whole parties enjoy the charms of conversation, which can never slacken for want of materials, since every person that passes awakes a new topic, and every dress and countenance affords a wide field of observation, criticism, and praise, to those who will take the trouble of exploring it.

Though the Thuilleries and the *Champs Elysées* be the most frequented and fashionable promenades, there is a difference between the companies which enliven them with its presence that I will not pass unnoticed. The Thuilleries are crowded with the new favourites of fortune, those who have elevated themselves upon the ruins of the ancient government, and who, like the flower that follows the rays of the sun, delights to contemplate the palace which contains their powerful supporter. The Elysian Fields, as more removed from a place that must awaken such painful recollections, are the constant haunts of the ancient noblemen who have submitted to the present government, without losing their attachment for their ancient monarchs.

After the Thuilleries and the Elysian Fields, the most fashionable places of public resort are the Luxembourgh and the Boulevards; both present, on a Sunday especially, the same kind of company, and the same scenes of dissipation, as those I have already described, only on a smaller scale.

Towards four or five o'clock the promenade is forsaken for the social enjoyments of the table; and during a repast enlivened by the most brilliant conversation, new parties and plans of amusement are formed for the evening. Do you wish to go to the play? more than twenty play-houses are open. Opera, tragedy, melo-drama, serious comedy, farces, pantomines, spread all their allurements before you, and bewilder your choice. There *Leys*, the Braham of Paris, pours forth the mellow strains of expressive harmony; Dupont and Vestris display the enchanting graces of the dance. Here Talma sets the soul on fire, and Duchesnois melts the heart to love. Pleasure lies in wait on every side: if she does not entice you into the play-house, where a brilliant and numerous audience is always collected, you hear her voice in every gale. Heart-enlivening music floats on every breeze, and leads your steps, as by a magical impulse, towards the delightful gardens of the Hameau de Chantilly, Tivoli, Frescati, &c. &c. There you find a blooming assembly of youths of both sexes: now they trip the cheerful country dance, and now they glide gracefully along in the slow majestic walse. There crowd all the youths and *élégantes* who prefer the enjoyment of innocent and simple delights, under the pure starry vault of heaven, where coolness breathes new agility into their limbs, and braces their sinews with new vigour for the dance, to the pompous charms of midnight balls and masquerades. They advance with joy-sparkling eyes, light hearts, and smiling lips, and augment the beauty of the scenes which they come to enjoy.

Were you at Paris, and did you frequent these abodes of pleasure, you would imagine that you were transported on the wings of a pleasant dream into those fairy regions of bliss, where a youthful imagination often delights to sport. The music that swells in light cheerful notes from every bower, the airy shapes that dance on the green, the innumerable lamps that give splendour to the shades of night, the brilliant fire-works that suddenly illume the dark blue of the sky, and seem to rise from the placid waters of a spreading lake, the accents of joy resounding in every direction, would complete the illusion, and, I am afraid, make a convert of my friend to the manner of keeping the Sabbath at Paris. However, it must be owned, that even in this dissipated city there are some to be found who still think that meditation and prayer would be fitter for Christians than pleasure and gaiety, but I leave you to decide. What I can affirm to you is, that I never yet saw any excesses committed on that sacred day; and that if dancing be more innocent than drinking, the French people have an advantage over ours, who often disgrace the Sunday by intoxication, and, the result of it, riot.

I am afraid I have tired your patience by this long account of a Parisian Sunday; yet I have much more to say, and, did time permit me, I would explain more minutely what is the behaviour and occupation of every class of people on the day of the Lord

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PUBLIC RECREATIONS OF PARIS.

We have been favoured with the following Communication from Mr. King, the Musical Composer, written during his residence in Paris.

THE public recreations of a great city, are chiefly comprehended in its Threatres, Gardens, and Promenades; the former for the public resort in winter, and the latter for their recreation in summer. In Paris, however, the Theatres are open both in summer and winter; neither heat nor cold having the least effect on their attraction.

As the Theatre is the favourite amusement of the Parisians, as indeed of every people, I shall more particularly endeavour to review the present state of the Theatres in this metropolis.

But I first beg leave to call the attention of the reader to the lighter recreation of the Garden and Promenade.

PROMENADES.

This city is full of public Promenades. The most fashionable and frequent are, the *Jardin des Thuilleries,* and *Jardin des Plants;* and the most dissipated, the Gardens of the *Palais Royal.* Again the most celebrated Public Gardens of Amusement, are those of *Frescati, Tivoli,* and *Chantilli.* In giving some description of these, the nature of the many others, which are not without their beauties and attractions, will, no doubt, in some measure be understood.

JARDIN DES THUILLERIES.

The Gardens of the Thuilleries are extremely beautiful. They are at all times open to the public, and are for ever full of company. These Gardens are decorated with the finest orange trees, and richly ornamented by numerous vases and statues, recently brought from Italy, or collected from various parts of France. The Garden of the Thuilleries, like those of Kensington, are in general the resort of the most fashionable company. Here are constantly hundreds of people sitting under the trees in chairs, engaged in conversation, contemplation, or in reading the news-papers. If the people, however, converse here, it is seldom about politics; if they would contemplate, the National Palace is before their eyes; or if they search the public papers, they will not find the public sentiment.

Thus the Gardens of the Thuilleries, though elegant, cheerful, and gay, are somewhat too great a type of the government to gratify those who are not disposed to believe it the *best* in the world.

On the evening of every national festival, a grand concert is given publicly in these Gardens; which, as well as the National Palace, are most brilliantly illuminated.

Being present at one of the national spectacles, on the 14th of July, I could not help believing this to be some large public garden, such as their *Tivoli,* or our *Vauxhall;* so much did this resemble them, in point of the multitude being at *home.* The unexpected appearance, however, of Buonaparte, who came into the balcony to pay his respects to the people, during the concert, soon reminded us that we were then before the National Palace.

These continual festivals, of which the Gardens of the Thuilleries are the grand spot of celebration, may be highly *diverting* to the people; but in the eye of a stranger, they certainly lessen the consequence, both of the National Palace and the Government.

The Gardens of the Thuilleries lead immediately into the *Place de la Concorde,* and this again into the *Champs Elysées.*

These three places are therefore nearly the same thing, except in division and nominal distinction, and form altogether a most extensive and magnificent promenade.

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

In the centre of this grand square, is the precise spot where Louis the XVIth expired. It seems to have been cruelly chosen, that the unfortunate Monarch, might, through the opening avenues of trees, catch a last view of his earthly palace, before he ceased to exist. This spot, from which such extraordinary consequences have ensued, is now marked out by a few wretched pieces of wood, exactly resembling a *pound* for strayed horses.

CHAMPS ELYSEES.

These are most extensive fields, full of the finest trees, among which are several places of public amusement. The whole is laid out in grand avenues, or roads for riding and walking.

CHAMP DE MARS.

This momentous spot lies on the other side of the river *Seine,* nearly facing the *Champs Elysées.* This place is, however, only the resort of the people on grand reviews, or some other public occasion.

JARDIN DES PLANTS.

This extensive Garden is the National Botanical Nursery. It is filled with the most rare and scarce flowers, plants, and shrubs, and trees of every description; and is a complete epitome of the vegetable world. In this garden stands the National Museum of Natural History; also the Public Menagerie, containg a complete collection of wild beasts, and other curious living animals.

No pains or expence have been spared by the

government in the embellishment and support of this place; which, like all other national establishments, is *freely* open to the public.

GARDENS AND PALAIS ROYAL.

This place has not been mentioned before, coming more immediately under the description of a public promenade.

The Palais Royal may be justly called the Palace of the Public, by which it is chiefly occupied. This building is in the form of an oblong square. Round each of its sides are piazzas; and under these a most brilliant display of shops. The middle of the square or garden is ornamented with shrubs and orange trees; and the whole is a never-ending promenade of every description of character.

The Palais Royal is well calculated for those who do not think; for those who would spend money; and for those who would kill time. But the higher classes of society would as little think of the promenade of the Palais Royal, as people of fashion in London of the Piazza of Covent Garden.

The Palais Royal is a world within itself, and may justly be declared the public focus of folly and dissipation.

PUBLIC GARDENS OF AMUSEMENT.

FRESCATI.

The rooms and gardens of this place are open every evening; the admission is *free;* and the company the best in Paris. The intention of this place is similar to our Ranelagh.

TIVOLI,

Or, the Pa risian Vauxhall is the popular resort of all ranks of people. In one part of the Garden is the orchestra; in another, public dances; here, fireworks; there, puppet-shews; and every where some object to divert the million.

CHANTILLI,

Is a delightful Garden, and like Tivoli has its music, dancing, and fire-works. This place is a favourite resort of the public, and is *toujours gai.*

THEATRES.

There are upwards of twenty Theatres in this metropolis. These are for ever open, and constantly full. That such a number of Theatres should continually find audiences, may appear astonishing; but the surprise will lessen when we reflect that the Theatre is the idol of the Parisian; with him nothing can be put in competition with the *Spectacle.*

The Theatre, thus constituting so material a branch of the public recreation, no less excites the peculiar attention of the Government. The state visibly turns every wheel of the stage, of which in fact it is absolute manager.

None of the Theatres in Paris are upon so magnificent a scale as those of the Opera and Drury-lane, in London. Still, however, the Parisian Theatres are capacious, and well calculated both for seeing and hearing.

The Theatres at Paris are lighted by means of a large circular chandelier, suspended from the ceiling; and illuminated by double, or triple circles of patent lamps. These chandeliers give a regular and steady light, without putting out the eyes of the audience, or detracting too much from the brilliancy of the scene.

In the lobbies of every Theatre, is affixed a printed code of laws, for the order of the house. And against every box that is let, is hung on the outside of its door, a little board, with the following words: *Loge loué.* After this notice, the box is considered as private.

Military are stationed throughout every Theatre in Paris. The guard at the *Opera*, and *Theatre Français*, is particularly strong. These are the favourite Theatres of Buonaparte.

Before giving a particular description of the principal Theatres, it may be necessary previously to consider their general state, as to audience, actors, orchestra, composers, singers, dancers, scenery, and other circumstances.

AUDIENCE.

The gratification of an audience must be in proportion to its discrimination. Judgment is by no means wanting in a Parisian audience. It may perhaps be necessary to state grounds of this observation.

The principal Theatres expressly profess the cultivation solely of *one* branch of the Scenic Art: consequently each has a greater chance of arriving at perfection. The particular province of each individual Theatre, being clearly ascertained, the general bill of fare is at once unequivocal.

The public, therefore, having the choice, will naturally prefer that particular species of performance best adapted to their taste and understanding.

Audiences consequently fall insensibly into their proper stations. And this, being nearly on a level among themselves in point of judgment, are the more capable of applauding, or condemning with proper discretion and discernment.

ACTORS.

Having so many great actors in our country, we naturally turn an inquiring eye towards those

esteemed so abroad. In a comparative view, we shall find the English actor copying the picture of nature; while the French actor, attracted by trifles, too often runs into the pursuit of art.

The performers on the French stage pay the most implicit attention to every circumstance of the scene; and in general are so absorbed in their own characters, as to appear wholly unconscious of an audience.

The duties of the actor, here, must be extremely arduous; since the Theatres being constantly open, the exertions of the performer are in a continual state of requisition.

The penalties attached to any breach of public engagement, are, unlike the following, severe indeed. A favourite actor, having at one time refused to perform, alledging that the *weather was too hot*, was without further appeal, put into immediate confinement.

[*To be continued.*]

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

THE CULINARY SYSTEM.

THIS is one of the most important branches of domestic economy, as it relates to the convenience and comfort of life; and, by general custom, it has mostly devolved upon females. We do not, however, wish to be understood that the art of cookery, in the lower and mere practical part, is a fit object of female study; but the knowledge of marketing, the taste and skill in the display and ornament of a table, and the general management of a family, which involves the practice of many virtues (economy in parcular), all these are very proper objects for the attention of females of every condition.

Numerous books have been written upon the subject of cookery, and the press is daily groaning with them. Most of these treatises have been deficient in design and order, and all have encouraged unbounded and shameful prodigality in the management of a kitchen, and the preparations of the respective dishes. They prepare receipts for the fortunes of Princes and East India Directors, and write as if a whole estate was to be consumed in dinners. At the same time they have no regard to the health or constitution, but with a merciless and unsparing hand, scatters gouts, indigestions, fevers, surfeits, &c. through their savory stews and ragouts.

One would suppose that their favourite precept was "*eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you die*;" since it must be confessed that those who should live after their plan would meet their fate in a very few years.

But extravagance and general injuriousness to health are not the only objections againt these culinary writers; they are no less obscure than prodigal in the directions they give, and the receipts they prepare. A pennyworth of *this*, and a pinch of *that* are indefinite expressions.

"A book of cookery, says an elegant writer on this subject, should as nearly as possible resemble a college dispensatory, where the quantities are correctly stated, in consequence of the bulk of the composition being previously determined upon; but in the culinary art, where the quantity contained in a dish cannot be ascertained, we are unavoidably left, in many cases, to depend on the taste and judgment of the cook, into whose hands we commit our own health, and that of our posterity."

It is our purpose in this and the following essays, to take up the art of cookery as subsidiary to economy, and to the elegant, but unostentatious display of the table.—We shall not treat it as the science of epicurism and gluttony, or as one of the means of getting rid of the incumbrance of a large fortune; we shall investigate and recommend it as the source of much domestic comfort and credit, and as a branch of familiar knowledge necessary to every mistress of a house, and to every female whether high or low, in the ranks of society.

In the precepts we give, it is not our purpose to study originality, but cheapness, accuracy, justness and elegance.—We shall not be above borrowing from those who have written upon this subject, provided we agree with them; for our object is to form a good, comprehensive, and intelligible digest, rather than to propose any new system of our own.

We shall commence with some miscellaneous observations for the use of the mistress of a family, by which much will be saved, and the general appearance greatly improved.

"The mistress of a family should always remember that the welfare and good management of the house depend on the eye of a superior,

hat nothing is too trifling for her notice, by which waste may be avoided.

"If a lady has not been accustomed, whilst single to think of family management, (a circumstance, however, which should not be neglected in education,) let her not, upon that account, fear that she cannot attain it; she may consult others that are more experienced, and acquaint herself with the necessary quantities of the several articles of family expenditure, in proportion to the number it consist of.

"A minute account of the annual income, and the times of payment, should be taken in writing; likewise an estimate of the supposed amount of each article of expence; and those who are early accustomed to calculations on domestic subjects, will acquire so accurate a knowledge of what their establishment requires as will give them the happy medium between prodigality and parsimony, without acquiring the character of meanness.

"Ready-money should be paid for all such things as come not into weekly bills; and the best places for purchasing be industriously inquired out. In teas, particularly, a large discount is allowed in London, and other cities, and those who thus pay are usually best served.

"Under the idea of buying cheap, people usually go to new shops; but it is safest to go to tradesmen of established credit, and acknowledged fair dealers, who do not dispose of their goods by underselling.

"To make people wait for their money injures them greatly, besides that a higher price must be charged.—Perhaps the irregularity of payment may have much evil influence on the price of various articles, and contribute to the destruction of many families in gradation downwards.

"It is very necessary that a woman should know the price and quality of all articles in common use, and the best times and places of purchasing them.

"A false notion of economy leads many to purchase as bargains what is not wanted, and sometimes never used. Were this error avoided, more money would remain for other purposes.

"Some things are better for keeping, and, being in constant consumption, should be laid in accordingly; such as paper, soap, and candles. Of these more hereafter.

"A proper quantity of household goods should always be ready, and more brought in, before the others are consumed, to prevent inconvenience, especially in the country.

"A bill of parcels and receipts should be required, even if the money be paid at the time of purchase; and to avoid mistakes, let the goods be compared with these when brought home."

"Meats, sugars, &c. &c. should be weighed when brought in, and compared with the charges. The butcher should be ordered to send the weight with the meat, and the cook to file these checks to be examined when the weekly bill shall be delivered.

"Thus regularly conducted, the exact state of money affairs will be known with ease; for it is delay of payment which occasions confusion."

(To be continued.)

BOTANY.

Directions for forming a Collection of dried Plants, or Hortus Siccus.

That science which teaches us to distinguish one plant from another, and leads us to the knowledge of its properties, is called Botany.

To the credit of the age, this science which had been so long neglected in this country is cultivated with considerable success, and some knowledge of Botany, and the management of the Flower-Garden, is thought necessary to complete the education of a fashionable female.

In this and the following Essay, it is not our intention to go into the more abstruse parts of the science, but to give some precepts easily retained, and highly useful to the lovers of Botany.

To teach this science properly, we must make the student acquainted with every particular part of a plant and its use. This we shall accordingly do in a future Essay; but we must first premise a few necessary hints and general observations. Our fair readers, therefore, will receive this as their first lesson in Botany.

The first object of a student is to acquire an accurate knowledge of every plant as it falls in her way, whether straying in the fields, or walking in the green house. She must posses what may be called a Botanical eye, that she may be able to examine with readiness the stems, the leaves in all their varieties, the mode of inflorence, and all the other conspicuous parts of a plant, so as to distinguish it with accuracy from those which resemble it. In this way she learns

to know plants by their external appearance or habit.

With this knowledge, however, she must not be contented, but endeavour to attain an intimate acquaintance with the parts of the flower of the fruit; so as to be able to form distinct characters from these particulars; and till she has attained this acquaintance, her knowledge cannot be said to rest on scientific principles. To derive the proper advantages from such knowledge, she must endeavour to imprint the form of the plants upon her memory.—But, as from the immense number of plants, this is almost impossible, and often at particular seasons of the year, plants, which we wish to compare together, are not to be found, we must endeavour to assist ourselves, by a collection of *dried* plants, usually called, a *Hortus Siccus*, or *Herbarium*.

The rules to be observed in forming such a collection, are the following:

RULES FOR FORMING A HORTUS SICCUS.

1. The plant is to be laid between folds of blossom paper, the parts of it properly spread out, and the paper often changed, that the plant may not shrivel or become black.—This is to be done in a place moderately warm, where the sun enters freely, and the current of air is not interrupted.

2. In drying the plant, care must be had, that we give the parts no direction which is unnatural to them; for instance, we must not give to a flower which naturally hangs down, an erect position, flower-stalks that are attached to one side, must not be turned to both; a bent or procumbent stem, must be preserved in that state, &c.

3. The plants must be gathered at that particular season, when they possess all the characters by which they are distinguished from others. If the difference be found in the root, in the radical leaves, or in the fruit; those parts, as being essential to a right discrimination of it, must not be wanting.

4. Plants must not be gathered in moist weather, because at that time they generally turn black in drying; and when it so happens, they must be left to dry for some time in the air.

5. Succulent plants are dried either with a warm stone or hot iron; or, which is better, they are dipt in boiling water, and kept there for some minutes, and then dried in blossom paper, in the usual way; but the paper must be often changed. The flowers must not be allowed to get wet, and they must be pressed softly.

6. Succulent, and at the same time, tender plants, such as the Iris, must be dried between folds of writing paper; but this paper must not be opened till the whole plant is thoroughly dry.

7. The *Lechens* are dried in the common way.

8. But the *Musci* must be carefully plucked asunder, and thrown into a vessel of water, and then laid between two leaves of moistened writing paper, which may be put in an old book, with a considerable weight upon it.

9. A press is likewise used for thistles and other strong leaved plants.

10. The *Fungi* are not easily preserved; but the smaller kind may be dried; and a few of the larger may be prepared by plunging them into boiling water.

When a collection of dried plants is thus made (the first step to the knowledge of Botany) they are to be laid each in a sheet of white paper, and arranged according to some system, and kept in a close cabinet, that they may not be eaten by insects.

In the drawers of such cabinets may be placed small bits of sponge, dipped in oil of rosemary, by which these depradators may be kept off.

Some Botanists, and Linnæus himself, advise the glueing or pasting of the plants to paper; but many inconveniences attend this practice; for in this case we can only see one side of the leaf or the flower, and when it is small we cannot see it all. For a botanist, it is much more convenient to keep the plants loose, because it is often necessary to unfold the flowers, and observe their forms, and we can occasionally substitute a better specimen for an indifferent one, which is not so easily done when the plant is pasted.—If the student, however, wishes to fit his plants, slips of paper may be used, laid over the stem, and pasted on both sides; or they may be fixed with a thread.

In our next we shall describe the outer surface or exterior qualities of plants, by which they may be easily known, and the students guided in their collection.

[*To be continued.*]

HERALDRY.

SIR,

Observing that you have devoted a portion of your Magazine to a familiar elucidation of the Science of Heraldry, I offer myself to undertake this department. My claim, as an Instructor of your Readers, is that of nearly thirty years passed in the study of Heraldy, which is likewise my profession.

So much has been already written about the origin of Armorial Ensigns, without coming to any positive decision upon the subject, that it seems as it would be wasting time either to renew the question, or repeat the assertions or arguments of others. The modern use, too, is so different from antiquity, that a description of the one would scarcely be in the slightest degree applicable to the other. The modern use, however, is apparent, and it will therefore be perhaps more easy, and very probably more agreeable, to examplify the ancient by the modern, than the modern by the ancient.

I propose, therefore, to take, for the present, the practice as we find it; to speak of that practice as we think it deserves, and occasionally, of course, to compare the manners of our contemporaries with those of our ancestors. In doing this we shall endeavour to avoid all interference with the Professors of the Science of Heraldry, while, at the same time, we shall claim the privilege of offering our sentiments candidly and fairly; ever ready to accept and acknowledge superior information or to bow to correction.

The first rudiments of any science are generally dry and barren of entertainment; in Heraldry this is particularly the case, for though its practice is the object of daily and hourly observation and interest, its origin and laws are so connected with the remotest antiquity, that it is difficult to relish or comprehend the one, without a reference to and taste for the other.

To obviate this, I propose to divide my future papers on the subject into two parts:—1st. A Summary Detail of the Laws and Regulations of Heraldry and Blazon, as now practised; and 2dly, Of such Heraldic Anecdotes, of ancient or modern Dates, as may appear to offer amusement or interest to my readers, and serve as a kind of comment on the first.

I am, &c. J—— P——.

N. B. Any Heraldic Queries, transmitted through the Editor to the writer of this article, will obtain an answer.

FINE ARTS.

M. DE WICAR's

Account of the Education, Talents, Works, &c, of the late celebrated Painter, M. Harriet.

SIR,

"I received your letter, in which you requested some details of the late M. Harriet, an artist of the most distinguished talents.

"What I shall venture to say of him, must be brief, as I was only acquainted with him during the two years that I studied with him at M. David's Academy. You must therefore consider my narrative rather as my observations of his studies, than a continued history of the different epochs of the life and works of that distinguished Painter, having been deprived of his company since the year 1796, the time in which I left Paris, till the moment of his arrival at Rome.

"His first studies were constantly crowned with success; but the rapidity of his progress was conspicuous, as soon as he entered the Academy of M. David, the first painter to the Emperor of the French, and most assuredly, with the single reservation of the English West, one of the first artists in Europe of the present age. After having obtained all the Academy prizes, our young artist disputed the principal laurel for the year 1794. The subject was, *The Funeral of Junius Brutus*. Harriet was then only 17 or 18 years of age; he produced, however, a painting full of force, sentiment, expression, and dignity, a promise of what might one day be expected of him.

"The Judges, composed of the most celebrated artists and literary men, adjudged him the

palm, after a most learned and scientific public discussion, of which I was witness.

"This triumph was highly important to young Harriet, as many competitors disputed with him the honour, who appeared to possess a more consummate talent in some details of the art, and who have enjoyed in France a well-merited reputation, among the painters of the first eminence.

"After so brilliant a success, obtained with such honours, what might not have been expected from the exalted talents that our young artist evinced? If the circumstances of the French Revolution had not constantly opposed the departure of the State Pensioners to Rome, Harriet might have adorned that city since the year 1795; but he continued to study with the greatest success at the Academy of our illustrious master, and his progress was so astonishing, that David himself was proud of the productions of an artist who seemed to have understood the great maxims which have assigned to him almost the first place in modern painting.

"What shall I say of his arrival at Rome? he came there with the project of executing one of the most brilliant and difficult subjects of Roman history; *Horatius Cocles defending the Sublician Bridge against the whole Army of Porsenna*, a painting of about 20 feet long, by 26 wide.

"Persuaded, like his master, that it was at Rome alone where such subjects should be executed, he brought with him some exquisite colours, made at Paris, and commenced the paintiug of the dimensions, in a manner which astonished the boldest and most enterprising artists. Scarcely had he marked out the first figure, and the first groups on the vast canvass, than he resolved completely to change his sketch: Rome had already exalted his ideas, and given him new conceptions of the nature of his subject. He traced out no study, he made no preliminary sketches like many great masters. It was on the naked canvass that he composed, it was here alone that he traced and painted from nature, every object that was to form the composition of that great work. If that bold, and almost unexampled method in the annals of painting has difficulties which are not always timely discovered, it has indubitably the inestimable advantage of giving that vivacity, energy, soul, and even movement, and particularly that original truth, which is necessarily diminished when copies are made from things already copied—This is the true character which has exalted the name of M. Harriet, in what he has left us of his painting; the same energy, the same design, the same sentiment of expression, of colouring, and of touch, which distinguishes the works of the celebrated David, and to the extent, that the beholder might be induced to believe, that the production is entirely from the pencil of that illustrious master.

"Death has lately torn this valuable artist from the praises and fond hopes of the nation. His loss is universally regretted at Rome, particularly among the artists, and the *amateurs* of the art: his personal qualities corresponded with his great talents.

"I have neither solicitude nor talent for the profession of writing, it is soley to satisfy your desires, to render homage to truth, and to pay a tribute to the illustrious master who adorns the French nation, and to his exalted student who is no more, that has induced me to send you the above sketch.

"I entreat you to accept my highest consideration, and am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

WICAR.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LATE JAMES BARRY, R. A.

Sir,

As I perceive that it falls within the plan of your Miscellany to consider the Fine Arts as holding no inconsiderable rank in the amusement and instruction of polished society, I avail myself of this opportunity to give you some account of the late James Barry, a Painter of the English School, and who, with all his eccentricities, must ever be regarded by men of taste and genius, as inferior to one Artist only of the present day; I mean the late President of the Royal Academy; and in pronouncing him second only to him, I conceive, Sir, that I cannot soar much higher in my encomiums.

The fine arts were deprived of this distinguished Painter on Saturday, Feb. 22. He died at the house of a friend, Mr. Bonami, in Titchfield-street. His death was occasioned by an apoplectic stroke.

Mr. Barry was born in the year 1738-9. His parents were settled at Cork, in Ireland. They intended to have educated him as a Priest for the Roman Catholic Church; but he discovered in very early youth an aversion to this plan of life

and an early bias towards that profession of which he became so distinguished an ornament.

About the age of twenty-six he came an adventurer to London, and was introduced to the celebrated Edmund Burke, whose patronage he secured from his strong indications of genius, and by being a countryman of that immortal orator. Burke introduced him to Sir Joshua Reynolds, then only Mr. Reynolds, who domesticated him in his family, and gave every encouragement to his promising talents. At the table of Reynolds Barry much distinguished himself by a strong *splash* of original thought, and an uncommon fire and intrepidity of genius; for, at no part of his life, was it the custom of Barry to be very diffident of his abilities, or to under-rate himself in his art. His eccentricities, however, were so numerous, and his confidence so arrogant, that Burke and Reynolds, not only advised, but procured him the means of travelling, which they wisely judged would serve as well to amend these moral ailings, as to supply him with more correct ideas of profession l excellence; and thus, at once, both inform his judgment and improve his general character.

He visited Italy, we believe, in the year 1765. He was not, however, much qualified for a student; his methods of study were capricious and irrational; his self-confidence led him to false measures of himself; his temper was not conformable to the instructions of masters and professors; he was indocile, hot-headed, and stubborn; his time in Italy was divided between slothfulness and quarrels with cotemporary students, and what knowledge he did acquire, and assuredly he brought back much, was by sudden snatches of industry, and occasional irruptions into the province of science, begun with ardour, and too soon checked by habitual indolence.

He returned in the year 1770 to England. I may not perhaps be exactly correct in my dates; nor is it of importance. The generous patronage of Burke and Reynolds was again held out to him; the former laboured most assiduously in his cause, and introduced him to a wide circle of friends. His first celebrated painting, after his return from Italy, was "*Venus Rising from the Sea.*" It was this work that brought him into notice; and I do not give my opinion rashly, when I pronounce it to be his best. It was in the true taste of ancient simplicity; it was executed with a chastity which would have done honour to the schools of Greece: it had originality, strength, delicacy of pencil, and grace. It was conceived in a bold spirit of genius, and executed with the hand and industry of a master. Barry never afterwards excelled it; for though in some of his pieces there is the flash of a more sublime and perfect genius, and an execution of parts more manly and original, yet as a *whole* composition, I do not hesitate to pronounce his "Venus Rising from the Sea" to be the best of his works.

The invention of this subject was not, however, purely his own; for, though in his manner of treating it, he became its legitimate father on the canvass, the original thought subsists in the representation of the Greek Poet. Had Anacreon not described the subject, Barry would not have painted it. But this is no objection to the merit of the work; the Painter has a right to avail himself of the Poet. This is not that species of plagiary which robs him of the praise of invention.

He was now elected an Academician; but for any situation that required a character that should possess some associating elements, and a disposition towards acting in concert, Barry was wholly unfit. He was of a turn of temper rebellious and uncontroulable; his notions of independence were those of a savage; he was fierce, proud, and overbearing, and detested all that the forms of the society, and the regulations of his own little platoon, required to be put over him.

At this time Sir Joshua Reynolds was President, and Barry, of whose genius both Burke and himself augured auspiciously, was appointed Professor of Painting upon the vacancy of Mr. Renny. In this situation he was, as usual, indolent, neglectful, and indisposed to all subordination and order: he was five years Professor before he read a single lecture; the Academy was disgusted; he bred a spirit of rebellion among the students, and was very near destroying the establishment. It was at length resolved to get rid of him by expulsion, and peace was once more restored to the society.

His general misconduct lost him the patronage of Sir Joshua and Mr. Burke, and poor Barry, with a discredit brought upon him by his want of prudence, was turned loose upon society to shift for himself.

It is not my intention to give, at this time, a regular account of his professional life. It has not much interest, though it is not without anecdote. I shall probably revert to this topic at another opportunity. I shall now only dwell upon those productions which have given him celebrity in his profession. The world has generally agreed that his master-pieces are the paintings which are exhibited at the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures. The origin of these works is said to have been produced by a suggestion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, in the times of their intimacy, proposed that Barry should employ his pencil to adorn the walls of St. Paul's Cathedral. To this there was an objection, from a suspicion in the minds of

some people of great purity of conscience, and delicacy in every thing that related to religion, that the proposed paintings would accord ill with that simplicity and rejection of exterior ornament which the Protestant Church required.—Barry, whether convinced or not by the arguments, was obliged to drop his intention, and accordingly he undertook to paint for the Society of Arts in the Adelphi the celebrated pictures exhibiting the "Progress of Civilization."

These paintings are certainly the indications of a very strong and original genius.—There is something very bold and sublime in the conception, and the strong and manly parts are finished with much art and industry. They are, indeed, occasionally depraved by a kind of eccentricity, a sort of tortuosity of mind, which infected his whole character; his greatness is not without extravagance; his sublimity is sometimes rather the fury, than the perfection of invention—However, of the more lofty and decided parts of these works, I may venture to pronounce, that the excellence is so uncommon and original, and the defects comparatively so rare and minute, that they must ever distinguish the name of Barry among the British artists.—I must not, however, acquit these pieces with praise, even qualified as this is: justice compels me to say, that in the minor, and what I would call the subsidiary parts of these pictures, there is a want of delicacy of pencil, of grace, of cultivated and refined taste, and likewise of that *indescribable something*, which, in painting, as in every other art, is the true inspiration and real mystery of genius.—In wanting these requisites, which the pictures of this master are undoubtedly without, they want that power of general delectation and pleasure which every beholder discovers, though he may not know to what cause he can impute it.

Without entering into a lengthened criticism, permit be to say that the picture, presenting a view of the Elysian Fields, and the Angel who is guarding the avenue to Hell, is the best of the collection; the figure of the Angel, the attitude and the expression, are almost beyond what we can expect from any modern genius. This figure is of itself sufficient to preserve the name of Barry to a very late posterity.

I now pass from his works.

The general character of this painter is to be collected from the above remarks. He was a painter who did not want genius, but industry to make him a master of his art. His strength lay in conceiving originally, and with manliness and good sense; but he wanted science and labour to execute as well as he thought; and above all he wanted humility; for he left a lasting complaint impressed on every one of his pictures, that he was too soon satisfied with himself.

He was chiefly famous for a manly coarseness, and a vigour of imagination; but his science was depraved by eccentricity; his imagination was distempered by a rage of invention which produced quaintness rather than novelty. He wanted grace because he disdained it; he wanted taste, because he knew not in what it consisted; because he knew not that it was the case in which genius must be set, and without which, it lost its powers of general captivation.

But with all that is subtracted from him, so much of solid excellence remains, that I do not hesitate to assert that he is one of those British Artists who will live; and that the works of West, Hogarth, and Barry, will flourish in the admiration and increasing praises of posterity, when time shall moulder the canvass, and touch with his oblivious hand the names of many, whose genius has been more fortunate, and professional succes more conspicuous.

Barry had been employed, previous to his death, upon a work which has occupied many years of his life. It is at once metaphysical, mythological, and religious. The subject was the Origin of Evil, Grief, Pain, &c. &c. We believe it is finished. Latterly, he remitted his labours upon these pictures, for the sake of making a portrait of Lord Nelson, which we understand is left unfinished.

In respect to the moral character of Barry, it was not amiable. His temper was uncertain, and occasionally brutal; his oddities rendered it unsafe to mix with him, and they were so offensive, that they could not be submitted to, for the sake of his genius. In his person he was dirty and indifferent; in his deportment a savage; in his opinions fierce and obstinate; in his general conduct various; always unpleasing, harsh, and repulsive.

A subscription was collected for him a few months back; and we believe a purchase of an annuity of 100*l.* per ann. was made from a banker. Sir Robert Peele, out of respect for Barry, offered the best terms; but he did not live to receive the first quarter of his annuity; of course, the generosity of Sir Robert's bargain rewards itself. I am fearful I have encroached too much upon your limits, and beg leave to remain, Sir, yours, &c.

B— L—.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

TO SPRING.

GAY Spring may spread her mantle round,
And deck anew the smiling lands,
With blooming flow'rets clad the ground,
And scatter daisies from her hands.
Summer may charm with cloudless skies,
And dress the landscape rich and gay,
May bid the golden harvest rise,
Beneath the ripening beam of day.
Autumn, her mellow beauties bring,
And boast her world of sober charms,
On earth's green lap profusely fling
Her fruits, and court us to her arms.
Winter may boast his spotless white,
And hang with icicles around,
Strew his transparent gems in sight,
And deck with frozen dew the ground.
Still will the Season's beauties prove
Nought—to the charms of her I love.

TO AUTUMN.

HAIL! sober Autumn, lovely maid,
I love thy garb of russet hue,
I love to haunt thy leaf-strewn glade,
When deep impearl'd with morning dew.
What tho' thou boast no blooming rose,
No vivid green, no summer glare,
Thy calmness yields the mind repose,
And bid'st thy beauties blossom there.

TO WINTER.

COME, tyrant Winter, issue forth,
Clad in the horrors of the North,
Come and plant thy icy hand,
And rudely desolate our land.
Shake thy hoar and frozen locks,
O'er the barren broken rocks,
And if Ocean dare complain,
Bind him with an icy chain.
Bid thy bleak North East to blow,
Come on mountain clad with snow.
High amid the scowling storm,
Let me view thy frost clad form.
Hide yon mountain's haughty brows,
Bid them groan beneath thy snow,
Around be all thy terrors hurl'd,
And triumph o'er a conquer'd world.

THE MANSION OF REST.

I Talk'd to my fluttering heart,
And I chid its wild wandering ways;
I charged it from folly to part,
And to husband the best of its days;
I bade it no longer admire
The meteors that fancy had drest;
I whisper'd 'twas time to retire,
And seek for a mansion of rest.
A charmer was list'ning the while,
Who caught up the tone of my lay;
Oh! come then, she cried with a smile,
And I'll shew you the place and the way;
I followed the witch to her home,
And I vow'd to be always her guest;
" Never more," I exclaimed, will I roam
" In quest of a mansion of rest."
But the sweetest of moments will fly;
Not long was my fancy beguil'd,
For too soon I confess'd with a sigh,
That the Syren deceived while she smil'd;
Deep, deep did she stab the repose
Of my trusting and innocent breast,
And the door of each avenue close
That led to the mansion of rest.
Then Friendship enticed me to stray
Thro' the long magic wilds of romance;
But I found that he meant to betray,
And I shrunk from the Sorcerer's glance;
For experience had taught me to know
That the soul which reclined on his breast
Might toss on the billows of woe,
But ne'er find a mansion of rest.
Pleasure's path I determined to try,
But Prudence I met on the way;
Conviction flash'd light from her eye,
And appear'd to illumine my day:
She cried, (as she shew'd me a grave,
With nettles and wild flowers drest,
O'er which the dark cypress did wave,)
" Behold there the mansion of rest,"
She spoke and half vanished in air,
For she saw mild religion appear
With a smile that would banish despair,
And dry up the penitent tear:
Doubt and fear from my bosom were driven,
As, pressing the cross to her breast,
And pointing serenely to heaven,
She shewed the true mansion of rest.

ODE,

WRITTEN AT THE OPENING OF THE YEAR.

Lo! to his task the infant year
Comes forth; no boding frown severe
Scowls on his brow, with aspect mild,
He seems of dove-eyed Peace the child!
No numbing wand his young limbs holds,
No hoary vest his corse infolds,

No angry blasts around him rave:—
The Spirit of the Storm sleeps in his icy cave.
A monster wakes, still fiercer far,
His dark brow trench'd with many a scar;
His voice, as loud as Ocean's roar,
His sable armour's stain'd with gore;
Stern War! his fiery arm the plain
Crimsons with countless legions slain,
While round him Famine, dark Despair,
And the wild grisly forms of Lust and Rapine glare.
Frantic each breathless corse he spurns,
His ardent eye with fury burns,
Scar'd by his lurid frowns, the choir
Of weeping Virtues sad retire;
Far from the battle's horrid yell,
In peace and solitude to dwell,
Where no lorn widow's piercing wail,
No shriek, no dying groan, hangs heavy on the gale.
But, with firm gaze, the deathless Muse
His whirlwind course indignant views;
Sees him, for conquest and for fame,
Spread wide the wildly-wasting flame;
With lasting infamy she brands
His laurels rent from ravag'd lands;
Then borne on seraph wings sublime,
She turns from fields of blood, and seeks a milder clime.
How long, alas! must Nature mourn
Her fairest works by rapine torn,
And tremble as the clarion's breath
Excites her sons to deeds of death?
While, red, before her streaming eyes,
The flames from burning hamlets rise,
Where, lost her babes, the mother stands,
And calls on Heav'n for aid, and frenzied wrings her hands.
When shall again, at dawning day,
Wak'd by the shrill lark's matin lay,
In safety o'er the furrow'd soil,
The peasant hasten to his toil;
And, at mild eve, his labour done,
Blithe carol to the setting sun;
Blest once more in his lowly cot,
To clasp his wife belov'd, each gloomy care forgot?
Soon may ye dawn, auspicious hours!
Then bright-ey'd Pleasure, crown'd with flow'rs,
Shall lead the dance in shady dell;
While feeble Age past woes shall tell,
And gain a sigh from Pity meek:
Then rosy Love, with dimpled cheek,
His light hair floating round his head,
Shall to the laughing gale his snowy banner spread.

TO THE
MEMORY OF THE LATE MRS. DUFF.
BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

To this sad grave no common grief invites,
No stale display of sanctimonious rites:
Domestic Virtues here, a drooping band,
Around the hallow'd spot despairing stand!
And here their lov'd departed Mistress mourn,
From the fond Youth of her affection torn;
Torn from gay Life's short scene, in morning's bloom,
To feed the jaws of the relentless Tomb!
Ah! when she fell beneath Death's tyrant pow'r,
The polish'd world then lost its beauteous flow'r!
In whose blest frame were happily combined
The feeling bosom and th' illumin'd mind!
A spirit finely touch'd by Nature's hand,
Prompt to perform when Virtue gave command:
Prompt on Affliction's wound to pour relief,
And bind the bleeding artery of Grief.
Friendship exclaim'd, while bursting tears ran o'er,
"My prime, my stedfast fav'rite is no more!"
Affection, to the bosom still more dear,
Shrunk at th' event, and dropp'd her warmest tear;
Religion rais'd her sacred hand on high,
And said, "See Innocence ascend the sky!"

ANACREONTIC.
ADDRESSED TO BELINDA.

SHUN the glass, Belinda cries,
Wine holds but a brief dominion;
And those half-animated eyes
Will steal no heart, in my opinion.
Shun the bottle's tempting sight,
And give to other joys the night.
What, Belinda, dost thou say?
Wine can in thy absence cheer me;
Would'st thou take the charm away
That brings thy beauteous image near me?
Wine, though distant thou may'st be,
Gives me, dearest maid! to thee.
When given 'mong convivial friends,
Toasts various as the crew assembled;
Though Delia from my tongue ascends,
Belinda on its accents trembled.
Whate'er my truant tongue decree,
My heart, Belinda, drinks to thee.
Abuse not wine then, dearest maid,
The sad resource to which I'm driven;
Who drinks thy coolness to evade,
By thee sure ought to be forgiven.
Intoxicated though he be,
Less with the slander'd wine than thee.

Q. in the Corner.

WOLVERHAMPTON,
Feb. 5, 1806.

A LEARNED LADY,

VISITED IN HER STUDY BY OBERON, KING OF THE FAIRIES.

What saw he there? no silken robes,
But quadrants, telescopes, and globes,
In learn'd confusion pil'd,
And pickled toads, and ponderous books,
And pot-hooks, diagrams, and crooks—
The Elfin monarch smil'd.

Bertha was in a reverie,
An open folio on her knee,
Her finger on her cheek;
"Ho, ho," quoth Oberon, "I vow
The mystery's unravel'd now—
The lady studies Greek."

The king advanc'd, and bowing said,
"Your eyes are bright, my charming maid,
But one seems somewhat bloody."
'Ah, sire,' cried Bertha with a sigh,
'Who can preserve a cloudless eye,
And stick to midnight study?'

"Your fingers, too, would sure display
Their rosy tips more clear, if they
From sable stains were freed."—
'Tis only ink, my lord, and know
I prize the glorious tints that shew
I write as well as read.'

"Mistaken maid, the king replied,
Why shall the gloomy mists of pride
Extinguish beauty's beam?
Ah why, why cause the female mind,
For every native sweet design'd,
With pedant's weeds to teem!"

PRAISE OF WAR.

All hail to War! the Warrior's hardy life
Exalts the vigour of the glowing mind,
The body strengthens midst the martial strife,
And forms to nobler acts and thoughts refin'd.

War has its good, from slumber's listless chain
It wakes the gallent youth, and points to fame;
Here—here's the palm, who struggles may obtain
The palm of Virtue dear—a deathless name.

War has its good, amidst its virtuous strife
All vulgar fancies vanish from the soul,
The art it teaches of contemning life,
And swells above the Passions' low controul.—

All hail to War! 'tis noble souls alone,
Who dauntless can the steps of glory tread;
All hail to War! that gives th' immortal crown,
And yields a place among the noblest dead.

What image that, which, veil'd in clouds of Heav'n,
A nation follows with applauding tears?
'Tis thee! bright Nelson, to thy country giv'n,
The glorious stock of war such harvest bears!

All hail to War! it hurls just vengeance down
On the false foe, regardless of all laws:—
To arms! to arms! let's rush to gain the crown,
Or nobly fall in our lov'd country's cause.

THE BEECH-TREE'S PETITION.

O leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree!
Though bush or flow'ret never grow
My dark unfruitful shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of Autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murm'ring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive;
Yet leave this barren spot to me:
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree!
Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wint'ry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless, solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bow'r
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made,
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carv'd many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breath'd upon this sacred ground;
By all that Love hath whisper'd here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear;
As Love's own altar honour me,
Spare, woodman, spare the Beechen Tree!

A WINTER SONG.

Now Winter is come, with his cold chilling breath,
And the verdure has dropp'd from the trees;
All nature seems touch'd with the finger of death,
And the streams are beginning to freeze.
When wanton young lads on the rivers can slide,
And Flora attends us no more;
When abundance awaits on your bright fire-side,
Forget not the wants of the Poor!

When the cold feather'd snow-drops in fleeces descend,
And whiten the prospect around;
When the keen cutting wind from the North does attend,
Had incrustating over the ground;
When the hills and the dales are all candied with white;
When the rivers congeal to the shore;
When the bright twinkling stars shall proclaim a cold night,
Then remember the state of the Poor!

When the poor timid hare may be traced to the wood,
By her footsteps indented in snow;
When the lips and the fingers are starting with blood,
And the woodlands resound "Tally- ho!"
When the poor robin red-breast approaches the cot,
And the icicles hang at the door;
When your board smoaks with viands reviving and hot,
'Tis the time to remember the Poor!

When a thaw shall ensue, and the waters increase,
And in danger the travellers go;
When the fish from their prison obtain a release
And the rivers their banks overflow;
When the meadows are hid with the proud swelling flood,
And the bridges are useful no more;
When in health you enjoy every thing that is good,
Forget not to think of the Poor!

MISCELLANIES.

SWITZERLAND.

The annual exhibition of the production of arts took place this year at Zurich, in the month of May. A marble bust of Lavater drew the admiration of all the connoisseurs, and was acknowledged the best piece in the exhibition.—That bust, larger than common size, represents Lavater in his customary dress, with a modern coat or mantle, which suits his figure admirably; it will be placed on the monument which his countrymen intend to erect to his honour. They have not yet fixed upon any particular spot, but to save it from the fate the bust of Gessner met with, they will probably chuse the library of the city, where it will long remain secure and respected.

The other pieces of that exhibition, consisted mostly of landscapes. A great number of portraits were seen with pleasure: and portraits after landscape painting, afforded more delight than any other style.

GERMANY.

The Institute of the Deaf and Dumb at Leipsic, directed by Mrs. Henicke, encreases every day in utility. More than twenty of those unfortunate people have learned to speak distinctly, and to understand the meaning of others by the motion of their lips. They are instructed in religion, and taught to read, to write, and cast accounts, &c. &c. Mrs. Henicke is beloved by her scholars as a mother; she has two masters under her direction, Messrs. Petschke and Tunghans, whose zeal and talents equal their reputation.

A learned Physician of Gorletz, Doctor Struve, Member of the Humane Society of London, has lately invented a machine, the end of which is, through the means of Galvinism, to distinguish real death from that which is apparent. It is long since that the irritating faculty of Galvinism, and its astonishing powers in restoring suspended animation, were known; but from this machine, which the inventor terms the trial of life (Lebensprufer) and the use of which he has explained in a small pamphlet, consequences the most beneficial to humanity are expected to flow.

The Germans have admitted melo-dramas on their stage. *The Enchanted Vale of Swetard*, lately represented at Vienna, obtained the most brilliant success, in the richness of its scenery and dresses, the pomp of its marches, and evolutions, in fact in every thing that constitutes a melo-drama, that piece has no rival on the stage.

The authors of Germany have for some time practised the honourable and lucrative custom of dedicating their productions to the Emperor Alexander, who rewards them with handsome snuff-boxes and other presents. Last year, a learned divine conceived, on the contrary, the republican idea of dedicating his *History of the Germans* to a titular court-counsellor, who led a very retired life among his vineyards in the Rheingau. Though a man of no very generous disposition, the counsellor was, however, unwilling to lose the opportunity of deserving the title of Mæcenas. He bequeathed in his will to the historian, a pipe of wine of his own growth, of the vintage of the year in which he should die.—Death soon took him at his word, and the legatee received a pipe of the best wine of last year's vintage. The German journalists have not omitted this opportunity of exercising their wit; they pretend that the work of the legatee is of no better quality than the wine of 1805, and they consider the circumstance as an example of the severe, but impartial retribution of the goddess Nemesis.

A plant of the *Musa* or *Poma Paridisi*, Adam's fig-tree, in the hot-house of Mr. Hartmann, of Thumstatten, about twenty miles from Berne in

Switzerland, last year produced flowers and fruit. This tree, or rather herbaceous plant, which resembles trees only in its appearance and magnitude, and the leaves of which are longer and broader than those of any other known vegetable, being from six to nine feet in length, very rarely flowers in Europe. In the last edition of Valmont de Bomare's dictionary, it is mentioned as a very remarkable circumstance, that in 1774, this plant was seen to flower and bear fruit in the hot-house of the French King's garden. The fruit grows at the centre of the tree; it consists of two rows of figs, with about five or six in front. From the end of each fig issues a small flower of a dirty white. It has been observed that, in dull weather, these flowers grow two inches, or two inches and a half in a day, and in clear weather five or six inches.

PRUSSIA.

An Optician, called Molin, pretends to have found the long-lost secret of painting in an indelible way upon glass. The celebrated chemist, Klaproth, declared, that nothing but entire destruction could efface the work of Mr. Molin.—This artist made a trial upon window glasses, which not only adds to the beauty of an apartment, but gives a softer and more pleasing light.

RUSSIA.

Captain Krusenstern of La Nadesta, arrived at Japan without having lost any man on his passage. Mr. De Resanof, who was on board, landed in good health; they were both well received by the Japanese.

A little comedy, entitled the Passionate Woman, set to music by Mr. Boyeldieu, was played with general approbation at the theatre of the Hermitage, and met with the same success at Petersburgh. The music is considered as very good.

INDIA.

Vaccination in India seems to equal the progress it made in Europe. On the 19th of January 1803, the Governor invited, in a Proclamation, all the European and native inhabitants of the Presidency of Fort St. George, to profit by that salutary discovery. In the report given by the Board of Medicine, we find that in the space of eighteen months, one hundred and forty-five thousand eight hundred and six persons were vaccinated, and recovered. The Rajah of Tanjore, and the Dewan of Travancore, were among the number.

The following is given, in a recent periodical publication, as an original anecdote of Shakespeare:

It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of our immortal Shakespeare, and used frequently, (as was the custom with people of great rank in those days) to appear upon the stage before the audience, and to sit delighted behind the scenes while the plays of our bard were performed. One evening Shakespeare performed the part of a King: the audience knew of her Majesty being in the house. She crossed the stage while Shakespeare was performing, and, on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice it! When behind the scenes, she caught his eye, and moved again, but still he would not throw off his character to notice her: this made her Majesty to think of some means to know whether he would or not depart from the dignity of his character while on the stage.—Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and re-crossed the stage, which Shakespeare noticing, took up with these words, so immediately after finishing his speech, that they seemed as belonging to it:

" And tho' now bent on this *high* embassy,
" Yet *stoop* we to take up our cousin's glove!"

He then walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the Queen, who was highly pleased with his behaviour, and complimented him on its propriety.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS

FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1806.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

EUROPE resounds with lamentations from the one end to the other, upon the melancholy results of a war, from the conduct and issue of which she anxiously expected her emancipation and her safety. The war is at an end—the armies disbanded—a disastrous peace concluded.

Most unquestionably, in order to a successful struggle against great and public calamities, we should begin by thoroughly knowing and thoroughly feeling them. But in times, such as those in which we live, every moment is so precious, that we are not allowed the pause of an instant for the contemplation of our misfortunes. We must forthwith examine what resources they

have left us: we must bound over the present moment, and its sad train of gloomy reflections, that we may dive into futurity, and grasp with a vigour of courageous hope, the last combinations that still present themselves to the mind, for upholding and avenging the sacred cause of the expiring liberty of Europe. It is our intention in this place to prove, upon a fair comparison and just balance of the real losses which that cause has sustained from the result of a disastrous campaign, with the advantages it has just acquired by the changes wrought in the general system of politics, and the greater part of which advantages may be secured to it, that our present situation is, without question, preferable to that in which we were placed from the Peace of Luneville, till the month of September.

Let us first examine the extent and the nature of our losses. We shall not at present dwell upon those extraordinary and momentary losses in men and money, the recollection of which is transient, which time soon repairs, and which are scarce taken into account in the progress of a strife, upon which the fate of the human race directly and immediately depends. The losses we have now to consider, are those that powerfully bear upon the great problem of the day, which diminish our means of resistance, while they increase those of the common enemy. In considering things in this point of view, we first behold Russia, that vast basis, that body of reserve of all our combined operations, and we find that she stands now exactly in the same posture of strength in which she stood before the war; that her frontiers, that her power, that her resources remain the same, and that the reverses she may have experienced, far from having tended to enfeeble her, will rather contribute, by giving her a truer insight into her real interests, and by leading her to a correction of whatever may be defective in her military system, to enable her to come down again into the field with much greater energy, with more preponderating effect.

We find that the real position of Prussia has suffered nothing from the late events; that she has sustained no sort of loss; and that if she succeeds, through the medium of negotiation, in rescuing the North of Germany from the scourge of a French army, by which it has hitherto been oppressed and devoured; Prussia will even have absolutely gained by a war, in which no doubt she might, and ought, to have taken an infinitely more active part.

We see, in fine, that England in no respect whatever, is less competent for the struggle, nor is she now more perilously situated than she was previous to this continental campaign: should even her implacable foe resume that menacing attitude, by which, without being able seriously to affect, he had, perhaps, for two years fretted, and fatigued her, the interval of repose she has enjoyed, must, in some measure, have proved of advantage; we find, that called upon again to watch the armaments of France, such has been her good fortune, that without even taking into account the fruits of a most splendid victory, gained amidst the disasters of the Continent, she has not to regret the loss of a single ship of the line, of a single battalion of troops, no, not any one instrument of defence, while her chief means, her incomparable public spirit, will only kindle and glow more keenly from the very necessity of standing forth alone, to stem the torrent of the tyrant's fury.

It is then only Austria that has suffered any material losses. She is indeed deprived of those advanced posts which she before possessed towards the Rhine and Switzerland: she is deprived of two of her best provinces, one of which stood like a great citadel, covering all the western part of her territory: she has been compelled to bend to the conqueror, and to consent to the aggrandisement of those very neighbours, whom she has more than ever reason to consider as blind instruments determined on her destruction. These certainly are very real calamities both for Austria and for the common cause. But that their extent may not be exaggerated, that they may be estimated at their just amount, it is proper we should compare them with the condition in which that power was left after the truce, called the peace of Presburg, with that in which she was placed since 1801.

The Treaty of Luneville had dug a grave for the Austrian Monarchy, which continually threatened to devour her. This Treaty, by placing Italy, Switzerland, and the whole of the Southern part of Germany at the disposal of Bonaparte, drew round the Austrian possessions a formidable circle which began at Verona and ended at Egra; beyond that circle every thing was France. The events whick followed the Treaty of Luneville, only served to extract the mortal poison which constituted its essence—the same causes which led to that execrable Treaty, viz. a general want of decision and of union among the Great Powers, and the extinction of all public spirit in Europe, prevented the Court of Vienna from resisting the new usurpations to which it continually gave birth. She was, therefore, condemned to behold the German Empire parcelled out as suited the caprice of France; Switzerland ravaged by the troops, and finally subjugated by the decrees of the successors of Rewbell; Piedmont incorporated with France; Parma and Placentia invaded; the kingdom of Naples again occupied by the French soldiery; the German territory most daringly violated, but

violated with impunity; and as the only answer to the murmurs excited by these atrocities throughout Europe, the man that committed them, was decorated with the title of Emperor; in fine, Lombardy, without the consent of any one Power, was erected into a kingdom of Italy; and the State of Genoa declared French territory. She was condemned to behold these unexampled, unprincipled enterprizes, succeed each other with a frightful rapidity, without being able, even for a moment, to arrest their course.—Such a state of things must necessarily lead to a speedy fall; and if Austria did not find either within herself, or in some great political combination, the courage and the means of upsetting it altogether, from that moment her sentence of death was irrevocably past.

Such was the situation of the Austrian Monarchy, when it took up arms against France; and such, with scarcely any difference, is its situation at present.

In respect to our Domestic Politics, the chief object of interest is the new Ministry. As yet, however, scarcely warm in their seats, what they have done affords no room for comment; and what they have resolved to do can only be matter of conjecture. Mr. Windham is very busily employed in the new-modelling our army, and we hope, in our next number, to give our readers the result of his labours. Mr. Secretary Fox is recalling our Ambassadors from the foreign courts, in order to replace them with men, in his opinion, of more diplomatic talent and experience. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Henry Petty, is occupied in the yearly budget; and Mr. Grey, in his office as First Lord of the Admiralty, is proceeding with the spirit and wisdom of Lord St. Vincent.

The chief objects of domestic action are the means of raising money, and the methods of organizing and improving our military force.

[*To be continued.*]

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

THE ELECTRESS, *NOW QUEEN OF WIRTEMBERG.*

It has been stated, that the English prisoners at Verdun, sent a Memorial some time since to the Electress of WIRTEMBERG (Princess Royal of England), requesting her interference with BONAPARTE, for their release. The answer of her Royal Highness, which has appeared, is not only imperfect, but so worded, as to convey a very unfair representation to the reader. Being in possession of an authentic copy of this answer, we now lay it before our readers.—It is as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN,

"You only do justice to my feeling, in being convinced, that I take a very sincere part in the misfortunes of my countrymen; and should be very desirous to assist them, did my power equal my good-will. But I am sorry that you have deceived yourselves with fallacious hopes, that I could take any steps towards obtaining you leave to return to England. Any polite attentions shewn to me by the Emperor of the FRENCH, during his stay at Louisbourg, do not authorise me to interfere in a business which must be settled between the two Governments. Though I cannot come forward as I could wish to do on this occasion, I beg you will be convinced of the regard with which I am,

"Gentlemen, your Friend,
"CHARLOTTE,
"Electress of Wirtemberg."

The Rev. Claudius Buchannan, vice-president of the College at Fort-William in Bengal, has proposed a prize of 500l. to all graduates, who, on the first of March 1807, shall be bachelors of law or physic, inceptors of masters of arts, or persons of superior degrees in the University of Cambridge, for the best work in English Prose, embracing the following subjects:—

1. The probable design of Divine Providence, in subjecting so large a portion of Asia to the British Dominion.

2. The duty, the means, and the consequences of translating the Scriptures into the Oriental tongues; and of promoting Christian knowledge in Asia.

3. A brief historic view of the progress of the Gospel in the different nations, since its first promulgation, illustrated by maps, shewing its luminous track throughout the world, with chronological notices of its duration in particular places. The regions of Mahomedanism to be marked with *red*, and those of Paganism with a *dark* colour.

LONDON VARIETIES.

Dr. J. Reid observes, in the last Medical Journal, that "The slightest nervous affection is "a *degree* of insanity—from its nascent state, to "its more full and perfect growth, the progress "is so gradual as scarcely to be perceived. The "shade of melancholy slowly and solemnly ad- "vances over the surface of the mind, until at "length it produces a total eclipse of the under- "standing."

The money appropriated last quarter towards the reduction of the national debt, amounted very nearly to Two Millions; that is to say, Eight Millions a year, which is eight times what it was at its first institution in 1786, exactly twenty years ago.

Without any new debt, or other sinking funds attached to them, the present Eight Millions would be doubled in fourteen years; and in twenty-eight, it would amount to Thirty-two Millions a year; but, without going into minute calculation, it is certain, that, in less than fifteen years, the debt would be reduced as far as it would be prudent to reduce it: for we shall prove, on another occasion, from the history of this country, that debt, to a certain extent, is beneficial to a commercial nation.

We are informed, that in January 1806, the stock of Cotton in Great Britain exceeded that of the same period in 1785, by from twenty to thirty thousand bags.--Our informant adds, that the import will not be less from Orleans this year than from fifty to sixty thousand bales, and the increase from Carolina and Georgia, at least one third more than in 1805. These circumstances, with the evident diminution there is in the consumption, must reduce the price of the article, especially if no support is given to improper speculation.

At the Clerkenwell Sessions, the Court was occupied upon the trial of the ci-devant Marquis de Chamboynas, for obtaining goods by false pretences of Monsieur Bertrand de Molleville, formerly Minister of Marine in France. It was stated by the prosecutor, that soon after his arrival in this county he was introduced to the Marquis, who he understood to have been a person at the head of a trading club, carried on at No. 77, Pall-Mall. The Marquis presented himself to him in that character, and informed him he could dispose of a quantity of Port Wine to the club. The prosecutor having some wine by him, sent the defendant as much as came to about 70l. The defendant afterwards said, the profit amounted to 19l. and that they would share it between them. The defendant again represented, that he was about to purchase a considerable quantity of linen, and he wished the prosecutor to engage in the speculation; the latter agreed, and sent him 500l.; but it turned out that the whole was a fabrication, and that the defendant had neither disposed of the wine or linen in the way of trade, but had lost the whole of what the prosecutor had entrusted to him at a gaming-house.

It appeared that the defendant had absconded for a time, and that this prosecution had been delayed at the pressing instance of several French emigrants of distinction, who were apprehensive that the disclosure of the facts would throw a stigma on that body. It was clear that the Marquis had obtained various sums of the prosecutor, amounting together to upwards of 2000l. by false pretences.—Counsel in his defence, merely inferred the improbability of Mr. De Molleville being so imposed on.—The Jury found the defendant guilty, and he was sentenced to be imprisoned in Negate six months.

PROVINCIALS.

LENT ASSIZES.

HOME CIRCUIT.

Herefordshire,	Monday,	March 10,	at Hertford
Essex,	Wednes.	—— 12,	—Chelmsford
Kent,	Monday,	—— 17,	—Maidstone
Sussex,	Monday,	—— 24,	—Horsham
Surry,	Wednes.	—— 26,	—Kingston.

A few days ago, a large whale, with her young one, came into the bay of Peterhead; on seeing which, the crews of the Greenland ships there immediately manned their boats, and went in pursuit. They succeeded in catching the young one; but the large whale escaped with three harpoons fast in her, and carrying away also one of the boats. She was a very large fish, about sixty feet long, and at one time came almost into the harbour's mouth, rising perpendicularly out of the water, to the height of above forty feet.

On Wednesday se'nnight, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the earth from the roof of a coal-pit, at Horsforth, near Leeds, about twenty yards deep, fell in; two men and a boy were at work in a pit; the boy was killed by the earth falling upon him; the men lived some time after,

and could plainly be heard by the people who flocked from every part to dig them out. One of them survived till four o'clock the next morning, at least he was never after heard. He had previously said that both his fellow sufferers were dead. No labour was spared to get them out; but as the people encreased their exertions, the earth fell in more and more, and at last completely buried the poor colliers in her bowels.

It appears that the quantity of rain which fell during the last month, was 3 inches 27-100ths. That of the corresponding month in 1805, 2 inches 44-100ths; in 1804, 4 inches 18-100ths; and in 1803, 2 inches 29-100ths. The quantity of rain in the preceding months, exceeds that of any other during the last two years, excepting the month of November, 1804, when it measured 5 inches 44-100ths.

On opening the vault belonging to the family of J. Norris, Esq. in the church of St. Peter's Mancroft, Norwich, on Monday se'nnight, a live bat was found there, of a greyish colour, where it probably had lain in a torpid state, companion for the dead, more than 32 years, the distance of time since the vault was before opened.

Tuesday a most disgraceful scene was witnessed at Hull. A man named John Gowthorpe exposed his wife for sale in the market about one o'clock, but owing to the crowd which such an extraordinary occurrence had gathered together, he was obliged to defer the sale, and take her away. About four o'clock, however, he again brought her out, and she was sold for 20 guineas, and delivered in a halter to a person named Houseman, who had lodged with them four or five years.

——— Smith, a notorious deer-stealer, was apprehended in London, by the Bow-street Officers, on Thursday week, by virtue of a warrant issued by the Magistrates of Northamptonshire, which was also backed at Marlborough-street Office. The charge against the prisoner was, for deer-stealing in the park of the Earl of Pomfret, in Northamptonshire, where the depredations had been committed to a considerable extent, as well as in various other parks in that county. It was stated that a white buck had been selected for Christmas dinner in Earl Pomfret's park; but that he was stolen, when the keepers sought to catch him for slaughter. The prisoner was represented as belonging to a gang of offenders of this description, some of whom were in custody in the country: he was the *Robin Hood* of the gang; and when committing depredations in the forests, his bravado and fierceness often struck such terror in the minds of the keepers, that when he was even known to be poaching alone, none dared approach him. The prisoner, according to his own account, had carried on a successful trade in this way many years with impunity. He did not consider deer-stealing as any moral offence, but merely sporting, which he had been brought up to, and which he could never desist from. He was ordered to be conveyed to the county gaol of Northampton.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

The public places for the last month have produced no striking novelties. A Farce of Dibdin, senior, has been performed at Drury-lane, and condemned; it was too much in the simple ballad stile, to please the present taste, but it was driven somewhat harshly from the theatre.—Since the *Travellers*, Drury-lane has exhibited no novelty worthy of notice; but at Covent-Garden, a comedy is in preparation from the pen of Cumberland—the task of Criticism, therefore, becomes light in the present number of our miscellany.—We shall mention, however, the principal theatrical occurrences of last month.

DRURY LANE.

Wednesday, Feb. 11, a very crowded and elegant audience occupied this theatre, in order to pay a tribute of respect and gratitude to the memory of the late Mr. King. The performances were for the benefit of his widow. The comedy of *The School for Friends*, with several entertainments, formed an agreeable *melange* for the evening. Among the latter was a Ballet, entitled *The Fair Circassian*, in which Parisot displayed, in the favourite shawl dance, her accustomed grace and agility. A Tributary Sketch, to the memory of Mr. King, under the title of "*Thalia's Tears*," was received with great approbation.—Mrs. Jordan, who represented *Thalia* mourning the loss of her favourite son, gave to the Sketch much interest.—It contained some merited eulogies on the deceased, which were admirably delivered by those eminent favourites of the town Messrs. Wroughton, Bannister, and Dowton. The vocal parts were sustained by Messrs. Braham, Kelly, Miller, Mrs. Bland, and Signora Storace. The *Sleeping Beauty* concluded the amusements of the evening.

The Travellers, produced in the latter end of January, continues to draw the most crowded houses, and is every night received with applause no less abundant than just.

The music of Corri has justly exalted his reputation to that of one of the first composers of the day; he has displayed an originality and force of genius, which many are disposed to envy, and few can excel.—We repeat that Corri's name will in future rank high in public opinion.

The songs "Deep in the Fountains of this beating Heart;" and, "He was famed for Deeds of Arms," are full authority for this criticism.

We should not say thus much, but that we understand that some artifices have been practised to destroy or undervalue the fame which he has so justly acquired, by ascribing his music to other composers. We are satisfied that he is original.

The admirable singing of Braham has principally conduced to the popularity of this Opera.

COVENT-GARDEN.

On Tuesday, Jan. 29, a new Farce, entitled *We Fly by Night*, from the pen of Mr. Colman, was produced: it is from the French of Picard. Mr. C. has reduced it to the broadest farce, and, after his usual manner, has sacrificed every thing to caricature and laugh. We have not room to enter into the plot, nor is it worth detailing. The music was by Kelly, and some of the songs were composed with the most bewitching simplicity. They received full justice from Miss Tirer. This farce was successful, and has become extremely popular.

On Monday, Feb. 10th, after an absence of five years from this Theatre, Mr. Pope made his appearance in *Othello*. This actor has acquired a considerable reputation in the part, and many of the best judges esteem Mr. Pope's *Othello* as the best performance of the character on the stage. We are not altogether of this opinion, though we are far from thinking humbly of his talents.

The character of *Othello* is in one general tone of passion; he is always frantic with jealousy and blustering with rage. The part, therefore, requires great natural powers, and not much of taste or discrimination. Every part is prominent, and easily caught; the beauties are so marked and positive, that they display themselves in all the force of their native grandeur, without requiring the taste or skill of the actor to elevate them into notice. We have heard it remarked by one of the best actors and critics of the day, that *Othello* was by far the easiest of all the great characters of Shakespeare.

Mr. Pope has a good voice, and a good delivery; he is skilful in the common mechanism of action and of passion, and well versed in the business of the stage; he knows when to strike his bosom, and when to wring his hands; when to start, and when to stand stock-still, without being reminded by the prompter; he knows his part off hand, he speaks *up*.

With such qualifications no actor can be an indifferent *Othello*; Mr. Pope is one of the best.

ORATORIOS.

On Friday, Feb. 21, the Oratorios commenced at Covent-garden Theatre, under the auspices of Mr. C. Ashley. We have to congratulate him upon the arrangements he has made for affording pleasure to the public. He has availed himself of the vocal powers not only of Signora Storace and Mrs. Bland, but of Mrs. Salmon, late Miss Munday, and Mrs. Dickons, formerly Miss Poole. Besides Mr. Braham, there were four who appeared, for the first time, Mr. Doyle, a fine bass; Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Pyne, and Mr. Smith. The Dettingen *Te Deum* constituted the first act, in which Storace sung "Holy, holy Lord," in a very fine style. The remaining acts were selections. Mrs. Bland, in the air, "What blessings," by Dr. Arne, was encored. The trio, "Like a bright cherub," was given with great effect by Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Salmon, and Mr. Pyne. A compliment was paid to the memory of Nelson, in a *Scena*, by Storace. It was called "Britannia at the tomb of Nelson." It was somewhat dull, and the music was not altogether worthy of the subject. The anthem, "Hear my prayer," by Mrs. Bland and Mrs. Salmon, was extremely pleasing. Mrs. Salmon has great sweetness and flexibility of voice, and well accorded with the divine tones of Bland. The grand treat of the evening was Braham, in "To arms, your country's cause." Though so arduous and trying a song, he was encored, and sung it the second time, if possible, better than the first. We never heard him more applauded. There was a strength, an ardour, and sublimity, in his stile, which admirably corresponded with the music. When Braham stands upon his naked powers, and rejects all petty artifice and meretricious ornament; when he treats music as a science, and not as a system of tricks; when he sings for the sake of diversifying melody and augmenting pleasure, and not to surprize by experiments on his voice, or excite a wild amazement by the stratagem of this art; when he condescends to be simple—to be himself; we then acknowledge powers, eminent beyond what we have ever heard, and so transcendant, that we cannot conjecture an excellence beyond them.

Mrs. Dickons afforded us great pleasure; she has a very excellent voice, and much taste and science: she executed the difficult song, "Sweet bird," and Purcell's sonata, "From rosy bowers," with prodigious effect. We have seldom seen a

performer more applauded, or one that gave more general satisfaction.

KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday, Feb. 10, was produced a new Ballet, entitled *Tamerlane and Bajazet.* It is taken from the grand Opera of *Roxana*, written by MAGNOCAVALLO, and which had great success. Mr. ROSSI has, however, made a most sensible alteration in it. We have upon this occasion the pleasure of bearing testimony to the complete success of the Artist. It was received throughout with unmixed and universal applause. It has indeed every thing to recommend it; and it is an admirable instance of the advantage which the Arts derive from the Theatre, since, in truth, it is a study for the pupil in all the theatric arts. The first scene, and the opening of the Ballet, are the most impressive things we ever saw upon any stage. The curtain opens with a battle, which is raging on a most extended scale—on the stage—and aloft on bridges flung across the torrent that falls from precipice to precipice on the abrupt declivity of a mountain. This gives a depth and distance to the perspective admirable in the contrivance, and which, even in painting, would fill the mind with the idea of all the variety and horrors of a battle; but when this effect is heightened by the actual motion and bustle of the combatants, incessantly changing their position—assailing and assailed—driven from post to post—and at every instant giving a new being to the landscape, it may be conceived that the scene is truly magnificent, and that th illusion presents to us an instance of what scenic exhibition may attain under liberal and scientific direction.

In point of richness of scenery and dress, there has been nothing at all equal to this Ballet, since *Iphigenia.* But, in point of affecting dramatic subject, the Author was limited. It is rather to be praised for its extraordinary magnificence than its emotion. The plot is not so highly wrought up as to keep the soul in suspense, or to excite any sudden impulse, either of terror, surprize, indignation, or joy, though all of these are alternately aroused in degree. The whole rests on a story, so simple and manifest, that the spectator anticipates the villany of *Bajazet*, and the magnanimous forgiveness of *Tamerlane.* Still the want of surprize may proceed from its being a well known story. If the same thing had been represented of names unknown, it might have awakened more curiosity, but might have also made the fable more inexplicable.

It is, upon the whole, a grand Ballet, every way worthy of the King's Theatre; and we cannot help expressing our surprize and pleasure at their producing so much illusion on so short a stage. We have no doubt but that the house will be amply rewarded for the spirited expence which has been incurred, and as to Mr. Rossi, the Author, it secures him the most solid popularity.—It is a master-piece.

BIRTHS.

In Portland place, the Countess of Mansfield of a son.

At Linley Hall, Salop, the Lady of Richard Congreve, Esq. of a son,

At the Government-house, Guernsey, Mrs. Doyle, Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Doyle, of a daughter.

Friday evening, in Norfolk-street, Grovesnor-square, Lady Ogilby, of a daughter,

On the 6th inst. the Lady of Sir William Ramsay, Bart. at his house, in St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, of a son.

The Countess of Aylesford, Packington hall, Warwickshire, of a daughter.

On the 11th inst. at Waterville, county of Kildare, in Ireland, the Lady of the Right Hon. Lord Dunboyne of a son.

Lately, the Lady of Sir Thomas Whichcote, Bart. of a son, at his seat in Lincolnshire.

On the 4th inst. at Little Bookham, Surrey, the Lady of Major-General Manningham, of a daughter.

At Mill Hill, Feb. 14, the Lady of Charles Drake Garrard, Esq. of a son.

At Shroton-cottage, Dorsetshire, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Seymer, of a son.

At Weymouth, the Lady of Captain Vernon Graham, of twins, sons.

MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bone, Richard Charles Headgraves, Esq. of the West Suffolk Militia, to the Honourable Cassandra Twisleton, youngest daughter of the late Lord Saye and Sale.

At Chiswick, William Devaynes, Esq. M. P. of Dover-street, to Miss Wiseman, of New Bond-street.

Feb. 13. At St. James's Church, by the Rev. George Knott, Captain Wheatley, 1st Regiment of Guards, son of William Wheatley, Esq. of Lisney, in Kent, to Miss Hawkins, daughter and co-heiress of the late George Edward Hawkins, Esq.

At Storrington, W. Chamberlaine, Esq. of Rolvenden, Kent, to Miss T. Bishop, daughter of Colonel H. Bishop, and grand-daughter of Sir Cecil Bishop, of Parham-park, Sussex.

In Dublin, John Crampton, Esq. M. D. to

Miss Charlotte White, sister to Sir John J. Jarvis, Bart.

At Downton, Wiltshire, Edward Dering, Esq. eldest son of Sir Edward Dering, Bart. to Miss Nevil, eldest daughter of Sir Richard Nevil, Bart. of Barford-house, Wilts, and M. P. for the Borough of Wexford, Ireland.

Thursday was married at Clifton church, Bristol, Clement Debbing, Esq. of the county of Middlesex, to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Butler, of Clifton, sister to the Earl of Lanesborough.

Thursday, at Buckingham, Emanuel Reeves, Esq. of Winslow, to Miss E. W. Harvey, only daughter of Matthew Barnard Harvey, Esq. of Witham, Essex.

Saturday, at York, Captain Samson, son of the late Dr. Samson, of Beverley, and Captain in the West York Militia, to Miss Anna Story, fourth daughter of George Story, Esq. of Bishop Wearmouth, in the county of Durham.

At St. Edmund's the King, William Hubbard, Esq. of Lombard-street, to Miss Grace Pawditch, second daughter of the late Thomas Pawditch, Esq. of Peckham.

On Tuesday, at Cardington, in Bedfordshire, the Rev. John Foster, Vicar of West Thusrock, in Essex, to the Right Hon. Emma St. John, eldest daughter of the late Lord St. John.

At Edinburgh, Sir Thomas Gibson, Carmichael, of Stirling Port, to Miss Janet Dundas, second daughter of Major-General Thomas Dundas, of Carron-Hall.

On the 14th ult. Prince Eugene Beauharnois, (son of the Empress Josephine of France, by her former husband) to the Princess Augusta Amelia of Bavaria.

DEATHS

OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

Lately, Viscount Perry, who was born at Limerick, in the year 1719, of an ancient family; and applying himself to the practice of the law, soon arrived at the head of his profession, a situation which he maintained till he was called to the Chair of the House of Commons, in the year 1771. The dignity with which he filled that important post for many years, his profound knowledge of the Constitution, his temper, his firmness, the mildness of his deportment, his urbanity, his independent spirit, and, above all, his scrupulous impartiality, are still remembered with gratitude and admiration, for a legislator and a statesman, in which capacities he eminently distinguished himself. He was peculiarly qualified by prompt sagacity, enlarged views, unwearied industry, and extensive and well arranged information.

In private life, he was truly the idol of his relatives and friends, for whilst his high character for public wisdom inspired all those who enjoyed his society with a filial reverence, the gentleness of his manners, his kind and unaffected attention, the candour and indulgence with which he received the opinions of others, the modesty with which he delivered his own, and his freedom from every appearance of selfishness, procured from all around him an affection, mingled with respect, such as is in general felt only by children for their parents. It is with much pleasure that we can add, that his life was as prosperous and happy as it was long.

His prosperity he owed not to any efforts to promote his own interest, but to his well-earned reputation alone; and his happiness was derived not from the enjoyment of what are usually called the pleasures of life, but from the love and reverence which he saw depicted on every countenance which approached him, and from the consciousness that he had merited the esteem and gratitude of his cotemporaries. On his quitting the Chair of the House of Commons, in the year 1785, he was raised to the Peerage; and a pension of 3000l. a year was at the same time, by the unanimous desire of the House, and without any solicitation on his part, settled upon him for life.

In Clarges-street, Piccadilly, that venerable ornament of literature, and respectable member of society, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, in the 89th year of her age. Her understanding and scholastic attainments, if she had been of the other sex, would have qualified her for a distinguished station in the world; and her purity of morals and religious principles would have disposed her to execute its duties with unimpeachable integrity. She had a strong turn towards Poetry; but in all her compositions she endeavoured to make Poetry subservient to the interests of Virtue. Her first poetical effusion that appeared in print, was, we believe, the beautiful "Ode to Wisdom," which was originally introduced to the public in the celebrated novel of "Clarissa." She afterwards presented a volume of Poems to the world, all of which are characterized by sentiment, tenderness, delicacy, moral energy, philosophic elevation, and fervid poetry. This lady wrote two papers in "The Rambler;" one "On Religious Superstition," and the other entitled "The Voyage of Life," which appear so uniform with the style of sentiment of the work in general, that they might be taken for the production of the revered author of that admirable work. The work, however, for which she is most distinguished, is a translation of "Epictetus," which has justly placed her upon a rank with the first scholars of the age. Her introduction and notes to this work, display pure taste, deep erudition, and a philo-

sophic power of reflection, congenial with that of the original author, whom she has, with so much elegance and precision, introduced into British literature. But Mrs. Carter possessed all the softer virtues, as well as the talents and attainments that adorn the human character; she was as ardent to promote the interests of humanity, as to cultivate those of learning, and a desire to spread the influence of a philosophy, which, in addition to the dictates of religion, might tend to reconcile man to the evils inseparable from his condition, was her principal inducement for giving a translation of "Epictetus." Mrs. Carter was esteemed by a very large circle of friends, and those friends were of the most amiable and valuable description; among the chief of whom is the venerable Bishop of London, at whose house she was one of the most honoured guests, and whose virtues she held in the highest respect.

On Thursday night, Thomas Skinner, Esq. Alderman of the Ward of Queenhithe, at his house in Aldersgate-street.—Mr. Skinner was born at Brentford, on the 14th Jan. 1737, so that he had just completed his 69th year. He received his education at Ealing, and served an apprenticeship to a Mr. Williams, an upholder, in Newgate-street. Mr. Skinner was happy to relate from what a small beginning he raised himself by an honourable course of industry to the splendid fortune of which he died possessed. In 1757 he began business for himself in Aldersgate-street, and married a most amiable woman, Miss White, the daughter of a gentleman in extensive business; and never was there more perfect and uninterrupted felicity than they enjoyed until her death, about five years ago. He served Sheriff of Middlesex in the memorable year 1784, the commencement of Mr. Pitt's career, when he stood against the House of Commons, and dissolved the Parliament that he could not govern. We need not call back to the recollection of our readers the vehement and bitter contest which took place all over England; and no where with more acrimony than in London and Middlesex. Upon that occasion, though the Whig principles of Mr. Skinner were perfectly known, and that his intimate friend Mr. Byng, candidate for the County, and Mr. Sawbridge, for the City, were most violently opposed, Mr. Skinner conducted himself as Sheriff with such clear integrity, as to draw from the enemy of his known opinions the most unequivocal approbation. He was elected Alderman of Queenhithe, in 1785, and Lord Mayor in 1795.

He has left behind him two sons and five daughters to lament his loss, which to them, as well as all his friends and neighbours, is irreparable. He was a most virtuous patriot; and the last moments of his life were cheered by seeing the dawn of a brighter day to England, by the appointment of men to office, worthy, for their talents and integrity, to hold the reins.

LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE.

FASHIONS

For APRIL, 1806.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS OF FASHION.

No. 1. Bedford Pelisse and Hat, colour, *La Boue de Paris,* trimmed with fur to match.

No. 2. Trafalgar Dress, white satin, trimmed with gold, or silver and lace.

No. 3. York Mantle and Hat, seal-skin, or Gregorian cloth, edging, orange and scarlet, India-pattern. Walking Dress.—Cambric muslin, with work.

No. 4. Bedford Hat, purple velvet and gold, with white feathers.

No. 5. Court Dress Cap, white crape, and silver *Tiara* in front.

No. 6. Court Dress Bandeau, crape and gold.

No. 7. Velvet Cap, colour to fancy.

PARISIAN DRESSES.

No. 8. Cloth Great-Coat, in the Hussar style.

No. 9. A Morning Dress.

No. 10. Cambric Bonnet, satin neckhandkerchief, trimmed with Marten-skin.

No. 11. Complete Full Dress.

No. 12. Half Full Dress.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

The more elegant the taste, the more superior the beauty of a lady, the less she has occasion for ornaments; her dress, therefore, should be simple and unaffected. This incontestable truth should convince our London Fashionables, that the only improvement in dress consist in a superadded simplicity and gracefulness, and not in a singularity of costume of any kind whatever. The dress that appears the most elegant in the day, would ill become the evening, at the opera, or at the ball; a circumstance arising principally from the choice of the colours.

The pale yellow colour, which is extremely elegant in the day for beautiful women, appears soiled in the evening, and tends very much to diminish the glow, and impair the brilliancy of the complexion. Dress is become so astonishingly capricious, that a lady is not considered fashionable, if she appears in public two successive days with the same bonnet. Some variety must be given, either by super-adding fresh ornaments, or new-modelling the old. The colours of bonnets and gowns are so often varied, that the gown which corresponds with a bonnet one day, is, upon the next, contradictory to real taste and elegance. Our most favourite *promenades* have not been, during the last month, strikingly conspicuous for the display of dress; we have, however, seen some very graceful Turkish-slate coloured velvet turbans, ornamented with fur of the same colour; they have a rich effect, and are confined to the nobility, and the more aspiring classes of fashion. The most prevalent *pelisses* are made of black velvet, with a flounce of deep rich black lace; this last walking dress is worn by all kinds of fashionables, which renders it common, and is abandoned by those who pretend to real taste and novelty. All kinds of bonnets, from a straw to a black velvet turban, are worn with black velvet *pelisses;* the latter turban is sometimes ornamented with a black feather, in which case it must hang gracefully over the forehead; it has then some claims to attraction, when worn by an elegant woman.—Straw turbans with two pale roses, one blown, and the other a bud, is a spring hat, and likely to become fashionable: in short, velvet and straw

bonnets are the only head-dresses worn for walking. Dome crowns and gypsey straw hats are likely to be the most prevalent fashion for the ensuing month. The ladies in the boxes of the opera, display, in general, much elegance; many wear the sleeves of their gowns cut in the Spanish style; these kinds of sleeves are only seen with full dress gowns: white muslins gowns tastefully embroidered, are very general.—A white or light blue satin turban, ornamented with white down, contributes much to the elegance of this half dress. Velvet mantles grace the shoulders of the London Fashionables, and when elegantly drapered on the back, are very tasteful and striking. Many ladies wear at balls, and fashionable assemblies, their hair fancifully dressed; a neat small square comb, ornamented with pearls, is placed in the front; the hair thus dressed, precludes the necessity of any other species of head-dresses.

Necklaces are fashionable, and cannot be too monastic; these kind of necklaces are only worn in half full-dress; red coral necklaces, with a small watch set in pearls, attached to a string of red corals, are becoming fashionable. White tippets are very general; they are considered elegant and necessary; muffs are scarcely ever seen; fashion requires them to be white, when they are adopted. White or rose coloured silk stockings, with a narrow clock, *not embroidered*, are the only silk stockings that adorn the feet of the models of fashion.

The dress of a Lady is beginning to be less sumptuous, of course it is less expensive, Lace is now almost rejected, except in the embellishment of mantles. *Ridicules* have completely perished, and the pocket is at length restored to its usual place. Laced half-boots in the Chinese style, are fashionable for walking.

PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1806.

Head dresses *à la Ninon*, are more numerous than ever, and resemble, with an encreasing exactness, their true model, *Petitot's* enamel; which is to be seen at the *Napoleon Museum*. On each side of the face, there are now four, five, and even eight curls of hair, formed into the shape of a *cork-screw*; and, behind the hair is collected, smoothed, or circularly involved, instead of being made up into a *cabbage*, and plaited into the figure of *cork-screws*. The grounds of full dress college-caps are ornamented with steel. Full dress hats are almost all turned up on one side with a loop or a button; behind the turned-up part of the hat is a feather, which crosses the hat with the point of the feather inclining towards the opposite corner of the hat. Hats and small bonnets are, in general, made of two colours; satin stripes of the same colour as the edging form the ornament of the crowns of bonnets. The ribband in the front, if any be worn, takes place of the plaited border, and is cut into *Artichoke* leaves. Black velvet for hats and small bonnets, is as much worn as dark blue and brown cloths are for great-coats. A long steel buckle, of an oval form, confines the velvet band round the crowns of small bonnets, which makes a conspicuous ornament for the front of this kind of bonnets. White, grey, pale rose, nut, chocolate, dark green, and dark yellow velvets are always fashionable for college-caps. Some grounds of full dress hats, of satin or velvet, are embroidered with the whitest silver that can be procured; the design is a kind of star, which is embellished with figured leaves instead of rays. At the Milliner's, the satin for hats and the generality of ribbands are a style of delicate rose colour; however, white satin and ribbands are likely to become fashionable. The hats of the *Millinery Misses* have a tuft in the front, which descends on the eye-brows; but the ears remains entirely uncovered. Velvet, worked in white, and white ribbands, amply embroidered with velvet, have been much in request during the last few days. Some Milliners use dark yellow for the lining of black bonnets. Yellow is used to ornament black velvet college-caps. Green pistachios are used with white. Feathers are much in fashion, they are worn both in full and half full dress. On many hair head-dresses the bunch of flowers is worn small, placed behind the head, and frequently concealed in the hollow of the comb. Bengal roses, or moss-roses, are still most in vogue. Florists are not satisfied with imitating the Bengal rose, and the scarcest flowers of the East; they are now endeavouring to extend their art to kitchen garden plants, which they colour to the whim of the purchaser. The honey-suckle, which is also a flower much in vogue at Balls, is worn of all fancy colours, such as rose, black, and dead leaves; there are some even made to resemble oak. Hair head-dresses are very simple; they consist of hair smoothed at the sides, with a braid of hair formed into a *cabbage*, and a tuft of curls, or some curls hanging on the forehead; this head-dress is considered particularly neat and elegant. Hats, ornamented with fur, would have been very general, had not the late incessant rains prevented the Amazonians from gracing the promenades. The last fashion for the above hats is quite novel, they are made of a fawn colour; the brims are raised on each side to the height of the shape, and are cut round to resemble a fan. Gowns for Ball are short, and in general of a

white or rose-colour; but are always made of crape. A single ribband is worn round the waist, has long ends, and hangs in the front. A ribband, gathered tastefully, trims the infer'or edging of the gown; the same kind of trimming sets off the ends of sleeves. A detached bunch of flowers is worn above the gathering of the sleeves; and two lare bunches of the same flowers are fixed a little above the knees, the other a little above the inferior border of the gown.

Head-dresses *à la Titus*, are in general seen at Balls; they have no kind of ornaments. Long or short full-dressed gowns are almost all made of rose, white, or chamois satin, *à l'Espagnole*. The pelisses for dresses are made *à la Turque*, without collars, and are not crossed over the breasts. Five buttons may be worn on the front of a ball gown, and a sloping garland of flowers may also be worn instead of flowers. The ribbands are always white, whatever kinds are worn. A bunch of flowers at the the side relieves the gown from the necessity of a trimming of flowers. Fashion suggests violets for the side of gowns. The breasts are ornamented with large hanging lace, which is a fashion extremely prevalent.

Of all kinds of combs, the most adopted are those which are ornamented above the gold with a detached row of pearls. Ear-rings made of pearls, forming a bunch of grapes, and these forming serpents made of gold, or enamelled gold, are the most general. It is fashionable to wear a shawl over a great-coat, pelisse, or a velvet *Mameluke*. The most elegant velvet for *Mamelukes* is light blue; but many made of black velvet are worn. Laced veils are worn in all their extent, suspended before the face; muslin veils, on the contrary, are worn divided and turned on one side of the head. An embroidered muslin *ridicule* is festooned with lace; we have seen some cherry-coloured velvet made into *ridicules*; they are richly embroidered in gold.

OBSERVATIONS ON FASHIONS,

As they appeared to an Observer on Sunday last during a Promenade in Hyde-Park.

THE genial mildness of an unusually fine spring, which has already decked vegetation with the budding promise of luxuriant verdure, has also banished from fashionable costume those cumbrous draperies and gross furry ornaments which so recently distinguished the prevailing taste, and were continued, through one of the mildest winters ever experienced in our atmosphere, as though British beauty were shivering under the chilling influence of Siberian skies.

The Promenade in Hyde Park, the only general one, where beauty and fashion now deign to exhibit their combined attractions by *daylight*, was on Sunday last literally crouded by both; and the rival titles to rank and admiration were displayed in a fascinating contest for the palm of experience.

The dresses of the Fashionables were, for the most part, of that character called *Demi-saison*; the bear-muff and tippet were visible only with a few *Grisettes* and *Dowagers* of the *Bourgeois*. The prevailing head-dress of the leading *Ton*, were beaver hats *à-la-turban*, with a light trimming of snow-white swansdown; also beavers of what are termed the *Spanish* and *Jockey* forms, of various colours, were still much worn; as were bonnets and hats of straw, of different shapes; the most elegant were those gracefully turned up in front, lined with various coloured velvets, and otherwise ornamented with artificial flowers or silk trimming, agreeably to the fancy of the wearers. But the head-dresses most *nouvelle* and elegant, and worn by Ladies of the highest Fashion were formed of velvets, and were principally hats or turbans, turned up with different colours of the same fabric, and trimmed with swansdown or light furs; and some, which wore a superior air of novelty, were made with a drooping peak or purse, falling down behind, like the undress cap of an hussar, and ornamented with silk tassels, and a small ostrich feather in front, of the same colour as the cap, which attracted much admiration.

Pelisses, and robes of velvet cloth and silk, continue to be much worn, but the most fashionable and elegant were those of dove-coloured velvet, worn loose and open before, embroidered in silk of the same colour down the front, with a running foliage of *vine*, or *olive* leaves. Spencers of silk and velvet were also much worn, and some few shawls were perceptible.

By the way, it is only wonderful that such an article of dress as the *shawl* should ever have found its path to fashionable adoption, in the various circles of British taste. In its form, nothing can be more opposite to every principle of refined taste, or carry less the appearance of that elegant simplicity at which it aims.—It is calculated much more to conceal and vulgarize, than to display or regulate the contour of an elegant form, and is totally destitute of every idea of ease, elegance, or dignity. Whatever charms it may have for the *sickly* taste of the *tawny* BELLES of the torrid zone, nothing but that "witching beauty" which occasionally veils itself in the rusticity and homeliness (like the Sun, its mists and clouds) that it may dazzle anew, with the refulgent splendor of its taste and charms, could ren-

der even tolerable the introduction of an habiliment, which turns any female, NOT beautiful and elegant, into an absolute *Dowdy*. It is the very contrast to the flowing elegance of Grecian costume, whose light and transparent draperies so admirably display the female form; and it restores something almost as disgusting, in the upper part of female dress, as the *double fortified hoop*, and the *nine-times-quilted* petticoat of the last century.

As to the *Beaux Garçons*, little of novelty appeared in their dress to attract notice. From the almost universal prevalence of boots and *lower garments*, all would seem to have just come from the *manège*; though nine-tenths of those *jockeys* may be fairly classed with the *dismounted cavalry*. The only novelty observable with *beaux* of the promenade is, that their hats, from the order of the *broad-slouch*, are again rapidly returning to the opposite extreme: so that a fashionable *jockey bonnet* now bears strong resemblance to the helmet of *Mambrino*, celebrated in the adventures of the renowned *Don Quixote*; to whose equally celebrated steed *Rozinante* might justly be assimilated many of the *bits of blood* which kept up the *dash* of rotten-row on this occasion.

PARISIAN NOVELTIES AND CUSTOMS.—Presents of porcelain, are at this time considered the most elegant trifle. One sees a breakfast cup entitled "The Gift of Love." On each side of the cup are inscriptions relative to the subject. On the right side, "Love revenges Perfidy." On the left, "Love repays Constancy." And the middle, "A promise of an hundred kisses payable to the Bearer." Happy the *petit maître* who can present such bill swhen he finds pretty women that will endorse them. The dancing parties are those which present the greatest variety of fashion. Two uniform dresses are enjoined, one for the ladies, who are spectators merely, and one for those who are performers. When they go as spectators, the ladies clothe themselves most richly. A gown of velvet or satin, with a fine train, covered with gold embroidery, and a head-dress to correspond: but those who dance are very differently drest, light and sylphic; scarcely are their tender forms covered with a fold of crape; no train, no fullness on the hips, no encumbering ornaments. By this contrast in the dresses, a Gentleman can distinguish, at first sight, the Lady who chuses to dance, from her who sacrifices the pleasure to the rage of gaudy show.

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